

John Genest 1825. - 70

o. 7. 6. 685 Drue (Thomas) the Life of the Dutches <sup>of</sup>  
been divers times acted *Potters*

Accessions

149.562

Shelf No.

XG 3970.41

Barton Library.



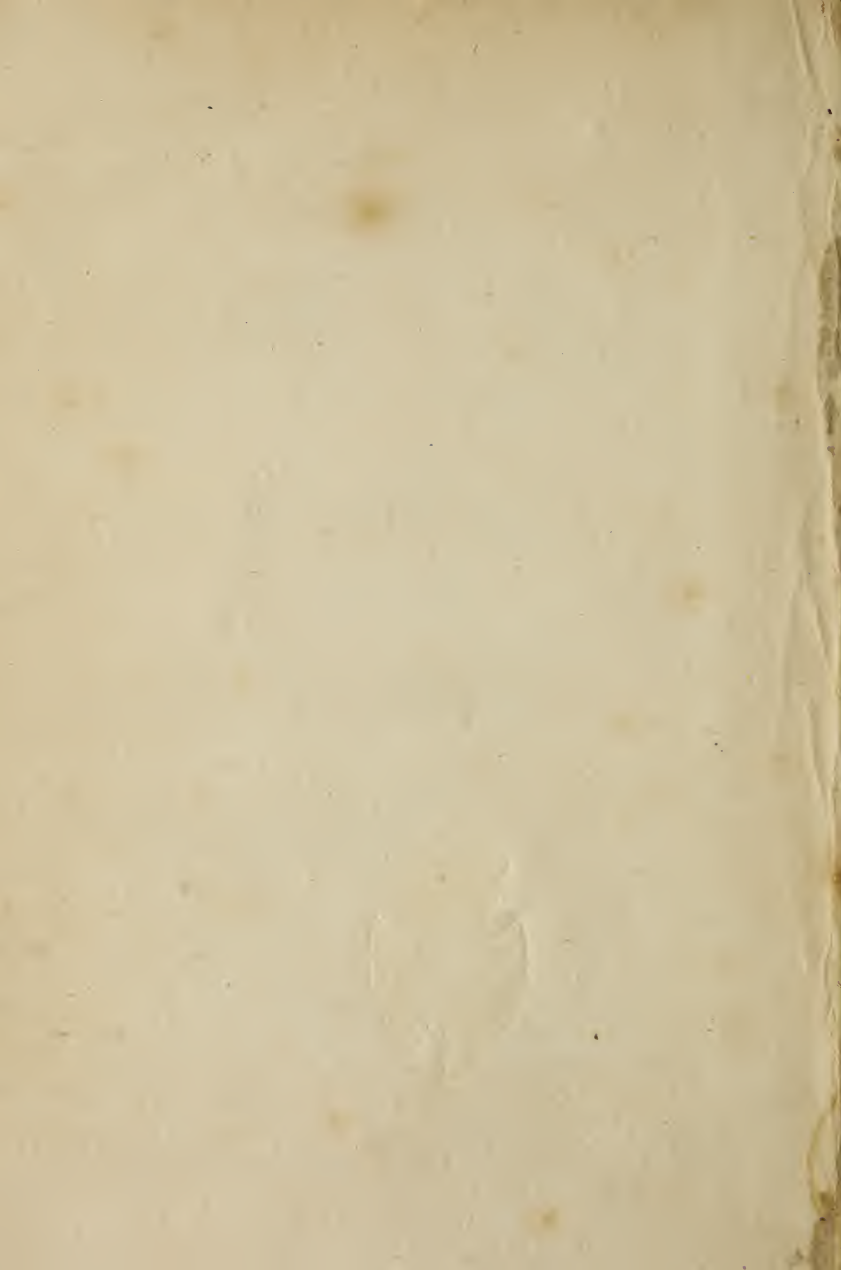
*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*





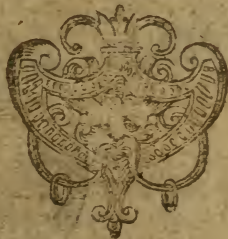
THE  
LIFE OF  
THE  
DUTCHES  
OF  
SUFFOLKE.

---

As it hath beene divers and sundry  
times acted, with good applause.

---

*By Thomas Druce*



---

Imprinted by A. M. for Jasper Emery, at the  
Flowerdeluce in Paules-Church-  
yard. 1631.

The Actors names.

Dutches of Suffolke.

Berty.

Cranwell. } Her Servants.

Fox.

Duke of Northumberland.

Earle of Erbaigh.

Count Palatine.

Earle of Arundel.

L. Hunfedon.

L. Admirall.

L. Clinton.

L. Pager.

Duke Brunswicke.

Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley.

Erasmus Roterodamus.

Bonner and Gardner.

Doctor Sands.

M. Goseling a Merchant.

M. Perecella VValoone.

2. Capitaines.

Clunie a Parator.

2. Tilers.

Constable.

Officers.

A Nurse.

A Post.

Messengers.

A Sexton.

Burgomasters.

Keeper.

Prisoners.

Countray People.

X9

3970

.41

149.562

May 1873



THE



THE  
DUTCHES  
OF  
SUFFOLKE,

---

*Actus Primus.*

*Enter FOXE.*

*Fox.* **K** Nights, Gentlemen, and Yeomen,  
attend her Graces seruice; sheele abroad.

*Enter Cranwell ushering the Duches of Suffolke, a Gentlewoman bearing vp her trayne, Bertie, and Gentlemen.*  
*at the other doore Beggars.*

*Cran.* Be vncoverd Gentelmen.

*Fox.* Romie there, backe Beggars.

*Dutch.* Bertie, deale mine Almes.

*Ber.* Pray for the *Dutches*, friends.

*Beg.* Heavens preferue your Grace. *Exeunt Beg.*

*Enter one with a Letter, delivers it kneeling.*

*Dut.* What saiest thou? from my King? I kisse his lines,  
As humbly as my infant penitence,  
When due correction threatned mine offence: *She reads*  
I may intreat the *Palatine* with grace, *and smiles,*  
All curtesie and favours, for my *Soveraignes* sake,

*The Dutches of Suffolke.*

I will present him with smooth countenance,  
But for the poynt heere touching Marriage,  
Beseech my Prince of pardon, since, as yet,  
My Widdowes teares are scarce wipt from my cheeke,  
Touching the businesse, bonte Sir *Roger Willowbie*,  
My deere neere kinseman, Ile not returne  
You empty handed backe, but send  
His highnesse *Parram* Lordship to dispose,  
And thanke his grations providence for him.  
Returne my salutations on my knee,  
And say my whole possessions are all his,  
*Berty* reward his paines, On; *Enter Gardner to*  
Stay, and know the reason of that guard, *the Tower*  
How? giue mine eyes the fulnesse of their wish, *guarded.*  
*Skreene* not my Toyes, I pray stand all aside,  
My *Gossp* *Gardner* led vnto the Tower,  
Tis pittie, nay man leaue your curtesie,  
My passion has no teares to answer you,  
Truth now I hope hath got a holliday, *Exit Gardner.*  
The tyrant Wolfe in hould, the Lambes may play,  
Forward to Suffex house in Barnisby street:  
More obiects yet of comfort? what is he?

*Enter Bonner guarded to prison.*

*Fox.* *Bonner* command'd to the Martialisie

*Dut.* Fagots will then grow cheape, they say, my Lord,  
That you haue bought vp all our fire-wood,  
To send vs in a shining flame to heauen,  
But *Bertie*, see how leane has study made him,  
And his care with sweating in repress of errors,  
An Ell will hardly girdle his leane wast. *Enter*  
*Sands.* Ile defer your welcome yet from Cambridge, *Sands.*  
To shew you heere a president of zeale.

*Bonn.* Madam these scornes liue not with charity,  
My conscience is content to beare this crosse. (beare it,  
*Dutch.* And mine as well content that thou should'st  
think'st thou I will disburthen thy content,

Good



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Good man thou art deceiv'd, my charity  
Shuts vp the doores against thy misery,  
I tell thee, all my sorrowes are dried vp,  
With this sweete breath of comfort, to see thee,  
Infranchise truth by thy captivity.

*Bonn.* Time flatters you awhile, heaven has a power,  
Can change the White to Sable in an houre,  
My welthier thoughts, yet tell me I shall live,  
these scornes to quittance, your free heart to greue,  
For time is rich in ransome, she may rayse, *Exit with*  
the scorn'd and captiv'd *Bonner*, ware those dayes. *gard.*

*Dutch.* If Englands sinne deserues that curse againe,  
Doubtlesse my life the truth should still maintaine.

*Sand.* The grace of heaven make strong that your resolute.

*Dutch.* Tut *Sands*, I am no novice to beare off  
The gusty shooke of danger, heere is prooffe,  
Hath bid the Cannon of rough threatning grieffe,  
The deaths of one deere Husband, and two Sonnes,  
(Regenerate in the fame of their deserts.)  
Haue made a violent shot against this brest,  
But by the manly courage of that ioy,  
Is knit vnto my spirits, to behold  
The exild truth, now sojourning with time,  
The rage of their repugnancie recoyles,  
And I am Mistris of a Virgin heart.

*Bert.* With pardon gracious Madam,  
Could *Berties* rude perswasion please your eares,  
I wish it cloth'd with Hymens royalties:  
A husband, like an Amell, would enrich  
Your golden vertues.

*Dutch.* How Men can praise themselves.  
Mariage is good, but wheres the husband good?  
A loving husband, *Bertie*, true in touch  
May sw. are, so th. y wilbe, few proue such.

*Bert.* Durst my opinion venture, but to speake him,  
I could commend that merit to your heart,  
As I presume, your fancie would imbrace.

*Dutch.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Dutch.* Void all the Chamber, *Bertie*, but your selfe,  
The husband now, come man, feare not to speake, *Exeunt*  
You haue absolution, ere you doe begin, *Servants.*  
The husband can report his true deserts. *She sits.*

*Bert.* As much as observations greedy eye,  
Could well retayne, keepes warme vpon my tongue,  
Which to your noblest consideration was in honors  
And from her suckt his Nutriment of life, (wombe,  
His spirit like an ensigne doth display  
The worthinesse of his heroicke birth,  
His more conceald vertues varnish that,  
To make his Comet (merit,) wondred at,  
Nature in moulding of his lyeaments,  
Has sham'd the cunning workmanship of Arte,  
That he is Madam, as your wish would make,  
The richer in desert for your worthes sake.

*Dutch.* You haue describ'd the substance of a man,  
Such as might ravish the most chaste thoughts,  
Virginity could sinne in wish of him,  
For but on my deceased *Brandons* breath,  
Did never waite such rich perfections,  
In them I shall but re-espouse mine owne,  
Marry one Husband twice, embrace the dead,  
Hug in mine armes a Suffolke buried.

*Bert.* If honorable Loue liue in a man,  
It guides the vertues of the *Palatine*.

*Dutch.* The *Palatine* & has he your wishes voyce.

*Bert.* Could it assure him of your fancies choyce.

*Dutch.* His stately honors are vnmatcht for mine.

*Berty.* His greatnesse reflects beames into your shine.

*Dutch.* That greatnesse claymes a duty from my heart.

*Bert.* No more then his loue offers your desert.

*Dutch.* Your humble eyes see's merit, his will not,  
Our weaker worthes in Marriage are forgot.

*Bert.* Nay rather Madam Wedlock doth inroule,  
The speciall essence of your rare deserts,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Remembering your perfections.

*Dutch.* I, they could lue in your humility,  
And my affections best afford them thee, *aside*  
Whilst thy sweete tongue sollicites for thy friend,  
Into thy bosome all my thoughts I send. *Enter*

*Cranwell* what newes. *Cranwell.*

*Cran.* The County *Palatine*, now king of Poland.

*Dutch.* King of Poland?

*Bert.* Madam survey your thoughts,  
Master your feares, and crowne your happinesse,

*Dutch.* King of Poland?

*Bert.* You Queene my hopes would see.

*Dutch.* Queene of my rich desires in marrying thee,  
What of this king of Poland?

*Cran.* He staies your graces leisure,  
Accompanied with the Earle of Arundell.

*Enter the Palatine being King of Poland,  
and Arundell.*

*Dutch.* Intreat their presence,  
Welcome royall Prince,  
My noble Lord.

*Palat.* Madam, my latest service comes to bring  
An old affection from a new made king.

*Dutch.* My Pristine gratulations thus accept  
The humble proffer of your soueraigne heart:  
But let me tell you, my thrice gracious Lord,  
You deale not Kingly, by advantag'd meanes  
To set vpon my infancy of Loue,  
To ambush lay it by intelligence:  
You know my meaning, theres a privie theefe  
I know you set to pillage my affections,  
He durst not else haue broke my secrets vp.  
His travell has not loytered in your sute,  
Nor will I be vngratefull to his paines.

B

*Enter.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Enter Fox.*

The Duke *Northumberland*, with the Earle of *Erbaigh*,  
Desire to haue accessē vnto your grace. (them in.)

*Dutch.* More sutors? well, they are all welcome; vsher

*Enter Northumberland, and Erbaigh.*

*North.* Health and faire fortune  
Waite on Suffolks *Dutches*.

*Dutch.* Your wishes returne their vertues on your selfe.

*North.* The king salutes you in my vassall breath,  
And bad me tell you, he receiv'd your gift  
Wish thankfull welcome, and bestowed the same.  
(Pecc'd out with honor, from his noble bounty)

Vpon your cōsen Sir *Roger Willowby*,  
Creating him Lord *Willowby* of *Parram*,  
To build remembrance of your gracious gift:  
Further he praies you to intreat this Prince,  
The Earle of *Erbaigh* with faire curtesie.

*Erba.* Madam, the loue of your perfections,  
Hath call'd me hither, and of them I craue,  
A welcome to my loyalty of heart.

*Dutch.* I wish sir, my perfections of that wealth  
To rate so high a merit as yours is:  
But Princes, leaue this cheapning of my loue,  
It is a bad thing deere.  
Shall I beseech of you my Lord of *Poland*, and the rest,  
Princes or whosoever tenders me  
The humble service of his noble heart  
As to digest my choyce with patience:  
Amongst you I will choose, and at this time  
And in his like interre my vvi'dowhood,  
Amongst a throng of merits one but enters,  
One wins the Goale still, though a thousand venters,  
This man must but possesse me, let the voyce

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Of my affections, please all with her choyce.

*Arun.* Pleas'd or displeas'd, you vvomen choose your li-  
And reason you should haue it, or als one (king,  
Youle take a fall to haue it; fancies force  
Makes honest plainnesse often speed the worse,  
Choose Madam choose, and please thine owne content.

*Berty.* The king of Poland Madam.

*Dutch* How this fellow

Wakes my remembrance for the king of Poland,  
As though my fancy hung vpon his tongue,  
I never shot a blunted arrow foorth,  
Nor shall my choyce recoyle vpon his worth,  
Whom Ile call mine: come worst of fate,

*Berty* I choose thy selfe my marriage mate,  
Vpon this low foundation I erect  
The Pallace of mine honors, on this knee  
I place the head of mine authority;

Let hand from hand exchange their offices,  
Whats mine is thine, thine mine, seal'd with this kisse.

*Arun.* How madcap Dutches; what and ioyne lips to?  
What ere we thought, I see it is a match.

*Dutch.* You see blind fancies follie in my choyce,  
His worth preuailes, nor will I change my voyce.

*Berty.* By the deere loyalty my thoughts doe owe  
To this vnmeasur'd grace you heape on me,  
And by the vertue of a Christian faith,  
The rellish of this blessing is so strong,  
That when I leaue to loue, I liue too long.

*Dutch.* Princes, let your displeasure chide his merit,  
Which stole my loue your honors would inherit.

*Palat.* My fury thus bursts forth, to wish increase  
Of your spouse vertues in your liues sweete peace.

*Erba.* My hatred dies not so, but I would see  
Your merits liue in your posteritie.

*Dutch.* Whereat frowne you sir?

*Fox.* I hope it is no breach of duty, to conceale  
Our close affections, they are priuiledg'd,

## The Dutches of Suffolke.

And I will keepe them so, you haue my seruice;  
If it may pleasure, so; if not, I care not:  
He mourne mine owne sinnes,  
Take your Cloke and spare not.

*Dutch.* If you be tired with the wearing it,  
Good speed you, He not breake you backe with care.

*Fox.* You haue my heart, whil'st I an honest asse,  
(For so I count all men of patience,)  
Haue laden it with whole loades of businesse,  
With iaunting on your errands, drudgt at home,  
With so strong diligence, that sleepe could scarce  
Approch my eye. lids for a fennights space:  
The honor of your Celler liues in me,  
You scarce command a throat can gulpe a health,  
You thinke I flatter, take good fellowes words,  
And him whose merit claymes preheminance,  
By their opinion, deale your recompence.

*Bert.* If you meane me, I will not canvase  
With you for the voyce of quaint opinion;  
Youle waye downe the scales,  
Her honorable loue, the gift of fate,  
Not due of merrit, doth advance my state.

*Fox.* Why sir, might she not bestow her loue on me?

*Bert.* She might.

*Fox.* She might, more foole she did not, but al's one  
All friends now, heeres my hand, my spleenes downe.

*Bert.* In this imbrace I send a generall loue,  
To all my fellow seruitors:  
I know some lowres vpon my happinesse,  
How vnderferued, let my offices  
Of loue to you, and duty to her grace,  
In their impartiall verdit render vp.

*Cras.* O, take my answere as the generall voyce,  
For from my mouth breathes their opinions:  
She lessens not her honours in your choyce,  
But makes you Lord of her affections,  
And them we serue not, but her royalties,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Which, as they are not lessened, why should we  
Shrinke from their seruice; whom her loue doth honor,  
May challenge from vs speciall reverence,  
And so shall you, as homage for that loue,  
Whose soverainty commands our seruices.

*North.* Consent I see is liberall to this match,  
And offers franckly my applauding heart,  
Wishing of heauen to smile vpon your loues,  
That from them may grow vp such gallant spirits  
As may renoune this land with honor'd merits. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bonner, and Gardner.*

*Bonn.* Good morrow to my Lord of Winchester;  
How doe you like our ayre i'th Marshalseas,  
From that ith Tower? vwelcome toot my Lord.

*Gard.* Oh I thanke your loue,  
But had we once our liberties,  
We would set night vpon these morning skies.

*Bon.* Oh that that houre were come, the king once dead.

*Gard.* Whats that my Lord of London?

*Bon.* I, pray man, pray, that heauen would take  
Our good king *Edward* to yon happy land,  
Hee's sicke, hee's sicke, heauen take the infant child:  
For this crack'd world his vertues are too milde:  
Is not this charitable, what sayst thou man?

*Gard.* But is the king sicke?

*Bon.* And princes *Mary* vuell,  
Oh how I long to heare his passing bell,  
Soft who comes here.

*Enter Clunie.*

*Clu.* Health to my honour'd Lords,

*Gard.* That were, thou meanest.

*(Queene.*

*Clu.* That are, I bring your Lordships from our anointed

*Bon.* Queene? is *Edward* dead?

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Clu.* King *Edward*, of that name the sixt, is dead, and

*Bon.* Who, who I beseech thee, guides the state?

*Clu.* She that repeales you to your former seats,

Rovall Queene *Mary*.

*Gard.* See.

*Bon.* Good hold my backe, this suddaine blast of comfort  
Blowes me vp, where is my rivall *Ridley* and the rest,  
They now shall fire for this.

*Clu.* Sent downe to Oxford.

*Gard.* Thence they shall not stirre,  
Till fire consume them, if I be *Winchester*.

*Clu.* By me her highnesse greetes you with that sea,  
Adding vnto it, high Chancellor of England.

*Bon.* An office good my Lord may coyne revenge  
With Iustice stampe to pay our enemies.

*Clu.* My Lord of London, thats your title now,  
Restor'd vnto it with her graces favor.

*Bon.* And if affection lenifie my duty,  
Let me resp: & lesse die without her favor.

*Exit Clunie.*

*Enter Lord Paget.*

*Paget.* Where be the Lords of *Winchester* & *London*?

*Bon.* The good Lord *Paget*, welcome, pray, what newes sit?

*Paget.* Her highnesse giues vs ioynt commision  
By vertue of this Patent to peruse,  
And cense the state of impious sectaries,  
Wherewith it was infected in the dayes  
Of her deceased brother *Edwards* raigne,

*Bon.* Without affection of affinity.

*Paget.* Of any, not her sister is except.

*Bon.* Then let our *Suffolkes* Dowager expect  
Answer for her scorn'd taunts, she threw on me of late  
That hot spirit, fire and flax, Madam fagot stick,  
If she recant not I will fagot her,  
If all the wood in *Middlesex* can doot,  
Or *Londons* Bishopricke haue meanes to pay fort



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Ile not niggard her bones and I doe, arayne my charity.

*Page.* I haue already sent Proceſſe for her husband,  
Forthby *Cluine*.

*Enter Bertie and Cluine.*

*Bon.* My man, a trustie fellow  
Worthy imployment in the Lollards tower,  
But heere comes *Bartie*, welcome honest *Cluine*  
It was well done, an honest knaue, Ile gratifie thy loue  
As I will quittance such malignant hates.

*Ber.* As whose, ant please your Lordship.

*Bon.* A vengeance flatter you,  
Your curteous care, weares daggers in your heart.

*Ber.* My care, my Lord, is seruant to my heart.

*Bon.* They serue indeed to guide the envious heart.

*Gard.* Sure I thinke *Bertie* be an honest man,  
Religious was his education,  
With our deceased Chancelor whom he serued,  
If since his Lady haue not wean'd him from it.

*Ber.* Your honor still shall find me the same man.

*Bon.* In substance, but how in Religion?

*Ber.* As then a member of the selfe same Church.

*Bon.* My good Lady your Wife sir, shees not so.

*Ber.* I doe beseech your Lordships to suspend  
And smother your opinions till a triall  
Blow vp the embers to an open flame,  
Then censure as you finde, and giue's your doome.

*Gard.* If we but finde her answers halfe so calme.

*Bon.* Y:s as thunder, she calme? as a baited Beare,  
I will oppose my disputation,  
Against a Colledge of best discipline,  
Rather then with her braines, she sticks her in its  
Like poysoned arrowes, in our tender spleenes:  
Thinking the sanctuary of her high birth  
To priuiledge her fond presumption,

*Ber.* My credit sir be pawnd.

*Bon.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Bon.* Your credit? tut tut, she hangs vpon the mercy of the  
But it will cast off her opinion. (Queene,

*Bert.* Should she be cold, my Lords, or set a frowne  
Vpon the alteration of her faith,  
Your Lordships know the somes of money due,  
From *Charles* the Emperour to her in the right,  
Of her departed husband, *Suffolkes Duke*,  
Which if your honorable licence would  
Assigne me a free passage to those parts  
To gather vp your vncexpected loue,  
Would heate her good opinion with the zeale.  
Where now the strangenes makes her somewhat stagger.

*Bon.* Let him goe my Lords, you shal go speed him hence  
The way is broader vnto our reuenge,  
Which I haue sworne to take vpon that Dame,  
Whose scornfull taunts did so deprauce my fame.  
What saies my good Chancelor to this sute.

*Gard.* You haue free passage *Bertie*, when you please.

*Ber.* To scape your envies, if we crosse the seas. *Exit*

*Bon.* Follow him *Clunie* and when thou thinkest, *Ber.*  
The solemne farewell of diuorced lips,  
Hath part this husband from his honor'd wife,  
With some especiall servants of the Queene  
Enter the *Dutches* house in Barbican,  
Take a true inventory of all her goods,  
Discharge her household, saue a man or two,  
One Woman, and the Nurse that suckles her Child,  
And say you haue commandement from the Queene  
To stay there till her highnesse further pleasure,  
That she shall walke the hie-way to the Tower,  
Be gon, performe thine Office carefully,  
And I will pay thy paines as liberally.

*Clu.* I goe my Lord, but doe you heare the newes?  
How *Docter Sands* is scapt from the kings bench, and fled.

*Gard.* Send forth our warrants into every Coast.

*Bon.* Toward Kent, towards Kent, post *Clunie*, run vil-  
How starest thou? packe,

(laine  
Liue

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Live in my bosome if thou bring him backe,  
This Sands is Chaplaine to yon scornfull Dutches,  
And he has rayne this lesson from her braynes,  
That house of slie deuises, shees all wit,  
Nor shall I sleepe vntill I ruine it. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Bertie and Dutches.*

*Bertie.* Madam, my promise of your penitence,  
Wayed with the puissance of your high birth,  
Wherein you are alied vnto the Queene,  
Calmed the rough Menace of stout Gardner,  
And set a reverence on sterne Bonners tongue,  
Humbly to wish your reformation.

*Dutch.* The Queene is nere and deere vnto my blood;  
In the remembrance of our mothers loues,  
Which chargeth greater sorrow at my heart,  
Then the huge shocke of their malignant threats;  
My soule hath lodg'd the Trueth, it shall not thence,  
Whil't this weake flesh displays her ayrie sence.

*Ber.* But Madam let your wisdom shut her vp,  
Commit her not vnto your state to guard,  
But humble your hie spirit, stike your speech,  
That envy may not stumble at mistrust,  
Or find a rub to start suspicion:  
Weare a smoth brow in presence of your foes,  
Be shaken with their threats, retreat your spirit,  
Till they insult vpon your patience:  
The Conquest won in your submission,  
They stike the eager pursute of reuenge,  
To giue you time to purvey for your scape;  
You know my leaue of passage ore the seas,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

And with what cunning I haue color'd it;  
To free my conscience from the gaile of feare.

*Dutch.* But still leaue mine vpon the rocke of care.

*Ber.* I goe to seeke releasement of that care,  
Freely to spread the ensigne of your Faith:  
A simple, rusticke home of liberty,  
Is worth your honors in captivity.

*Dutch.* It is, it is, and would besit our liues,  
To weare them out in contemplation:  
There should we reade, vpon the naked walls,  
The first creation of our wretchednesse;  
There no intruding obiects of gaie clothes,  
Imbrodered hangings, or rich tapistrie,  
Shall wound the seruice which we owe to heaven.  
Oh M. *Bertie*, there my wish would be;  
Change honor'd woe for poore felicity.

*Ber.* Ile lay a Barke at Leigh shall stay for you,  
To be transported to me at Midelborow.

*Dutch.* But who conducts me to that Barke at Leigh?  
Feare is a trusty guide, it is, it is,  
Shee that knowes no way, that way will not misse,  
I prethee goe, my Conscience to set free,  
My tender feet shall learne to follow thee.

*Ber.* I goe.

*Dutch.* Yet stay, nay goe, alas which way?  
And must we part?

*Ber.* We must,  
My bodies heere, thou hast my heart along with thee  
Make much o'nt prethee, till we meete againe,  
My body and my soule you both retayne.

*Dutch.* Slip not my duty, I beseech your loue,  
To her for whom my sorrowes shed more teares,  
Then is my wounded Conscience charg'd with feares.

*Ber.* Patience, good Madam.

*Dutch.* Palsion Master *Bertie*,  
My spleene is wounded with compassionate pittie,  
I could drop out my Liver, rob my life

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Of her deere essence, with immoderate sighes,  
For that sweete Princes, wrong'd *Elizabeth*  
Now in the gripe of their pernicious hate,  
A guard of Angels ring her life about,  
From the malicious practise of her foes ;  
Rebate their furies, crosse their treacherous wayes,  
Let truth in her outliue these bloody dayes.

*Ber.* Amen, amen, what shall I deliver to her from your

*Dutch.* A comfortable salutation grace ?

To that heart sorrowing Lady, which my prayer  
From heaven has carried to her heart before.

*Ber.* Will you ought else ? (two,

*Dutch.* A kind embrace from you, exchange a teare, or  
And so farewell. Kisse.

*Ber.* Oh this doth clog me more, waies downe my speed  
Should beare our fortunes to a soft repose,  
Not daring heere to peepe out of our thoughts,  
Without the danger of the Vulters gripe,  
Whose watching eyes of inquisition  
Steales covertly vpon our purposes,  
And yet you lag me with your loade of grieues.  
I could tosse woe for woe vntill to morrow,  
But then weede wake the wolfe with bleating sorrow.  
With what vnwillingnesse I part from you  
Let that and these receiu'd. Kisse.

Adew, adew. Exeunt severally Weeping.

*Enter Cranwell* — *Cranwell meeteth her.*

*Cran.* Madam.

*Dut.* Now *Cranwell*, what would'st thou? thy M. gone.

*Cran.* I am glad he stayed not, to peece out our mone.

*Du.* What heavy thought straines moisture frō thy heart?

*Cran.* To see your greatnesse strucke with ennies dart.

Her highnesse servants haue attacht your goods,  
Discharging all your household officers.

*Du.* What remedy? this was my expectation: I was arm'd

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

With compleat resolution, to abide  
The rigorous wrastle of this streame-borne tyde.  
Fainest thou at this? then thou wouldst swoune to see  
My honourd state changed to ragg'd misery.

*Cran.* I will not liue to see that.

*Dutch.* Then thy loue is tried:  
I thought it wou'd haue lackied by my side.

*Cran.* How meane you Madam?

When it tires in service of your Grace,  
May I not more haue being on the earth,  
Were you to passe th'extremest of all woe,  
Might I be worphy, I would share with you.

*Dutch.* Vpon thy trust, then I repose my life,  
Provide me 'gainst this even a Citizens Gowne,  
Ath meanest fashion, like my present fortunes:  
This night Ile hazzard to escape from hence,  
Putting my feares into the hand of fate,  
To trample on or readuance my state,  
Wilt thou about it?

*Cran.* With a winged speed:  
To cure your sorrowes this manly heart shall bleed.

*Exit Cran.*

*Enter Fox, and Clunie.*

*Fox.* Madam this world is changed.

*Dutch.* Change thou with it.

*Fox.* Change, and I did it were no heresie:  
These humors grapple with my honesty,  
But they are franticke fits, I let them passe.

*Dutch.* Sir what are you?

*Clu.* My name is *Clunie*, and now your graces keeper.

*Dutch.* I heare you haue discharged my houshold Ser-

*Clu.* It is her highnesse pleasure. vants.

*Dut.* Or *Bonnors* hate, but I accept it with a thankfulness.

*Clu.* All are not yet discharged, but your choice  
May call two men, a vvoman, and a Nurse.

*Dut.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Dutch:* Nay, *Cranwell* is all I vwill beseech of you.

*Fox.* Why *Cranwell*, more then *Fox*?

*Dutch:* Because more staid, with him,  
Because of most continuance,  
And longest vvearing in my services.

*Fox:* What meane you by this vvearing? I am sure,  
My vvits are vvorne as thinne as a Paper-leaf:  
But tis the fairest end of Serving-men,  
When vve haue spent the pleasure of our youth,  
Ene sweate it out vvith painefull industry,  
To haue such itching slaues to eate vs out,  
Doe you so light respect me? I as light  
Will make of you, and it come vvithin my power.

*Dutch:* Farwell, pull downe thy stubbornesse of spirit:  
There brea hes no servant of more honesty:  
Wilt please your kindnesse, keeper, vs her me,  
To teach my steps to vs her misery.

*Exeunt Dutches and Clunie.*

*Fox:* Now *Thomas*?

What vvill you doe now, *Thomas*?

Your Mistres has discharged you, and your coate, *Thomas*,  
Which was as deere to you, as your skin, *Thomas*,  
It is, puld over your eares, what remedy:

Has *Fox* nere a hole to hide's head in these extremities  
Now I remember my Cozen *Raynauld* liues not far hence,  
To him Ile make repayre, and feede on countrey poultray  
For a while, till I can cry Vindicta on this *Dutches*.

Well vvhat Ile doe my thoughts not yet aprooue,  
*Fox* will prooue true to truit, not false to loue, *Exit.*

*A cry within follow, follow.*

*Enter Hughe Tiler, and Ienkin going to worke  
With a tray of Tiles and a Ladder.*

*Til.* *Ienkin* vvhere art thou, harke what a kenell of hounds  
Giues vs our welcome into kent, set vp, come: & to this gere

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Stampe the frost out of thy feete into the mortar for me,  
He catch me a heate or He beate it out at h stones.

*Beats his fingers against his sides.*

*Ien.* A good fire would doe better with the fingers ends.

*Tiler.* But a pot of Ale and a tost would doe best of all  
With a cold stomach, over goe to the Cocke  
And see if he came a'ch kind, if his ale will  
Make a man crow, weele leaue our implements heere  
They will not runne away, and heeres no great croud  
Of People ith towne, but if they be stolne, we may find 'em  
Come *Ienken*, nimble and stay by't. *Exeunt.*

*Acry within follow, follow.*

*Enter Sands, looking about.*

*Sands.* Whither now wilt thou dispose thy selte  
From the enraged pursuite of this search  
That with their fresh breathings haue oft tired thee,  
After so many hazards, whence my care  
Has sweat in water to redeeme my feare,  
Must I at last be forc't to yeild and die  
Oh grieffe, but who can slip his destenie  
They come and I am tired,  
Thankes heaven I haue found a meanes  
I hope to shelter me in these extreames.

*Finds the  
Tilers things.*

*Goeth up the Ladder and workes.*

*Enter Clunie, with many Officers.*

*Clunie.* Follow, pursue with swiftnesse and hees ours,  
Soft heeres a Tiler, weele enquire of him *Sands sings*  
Which way he tooke, sirra you Tiler ho  
Durt dauber with a vengeance answer me,  
Leaue singing of your necke-verse, Rogue your best  
Lest it prooue so indeed, youle answer?

*Tiler*



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Tiler hoe.

*Shakes the Ladder.*

*Sands.* Say you fir, by you.

*Clunie.* Say you Goodman rascall?

Saw you not a man passe this way

With a speedy course but now.

*Sands.* He crost downe that way.

*Clunie.* How the devill did we misse him?

Tir'd I hold my life, and rayne some barne,

Or privy shead, come lets backe, search every nooke,

Ranfacke the bushes, in each corner looke. *Exeunt.*

*Sands.* How strong my spirit is to call them backe,

Arm'd with the steeled prooffe of innocence,

That can rebate the edge of tyranny,

Invulnerable innocence she would goe,

But yet this flesh is frayle and full of feares.

To keepe the soule from yon Celestiall spheares,

Thy will be done, my maker, whose great hand

Hath now my life from scortching malice fann'd. *Exit.*

*Ienke.* Come away Hugh ti ti tiler,

Now we haue lin'd our backs,

And warm'd our bellies,

Lets doe our dayes worke in an houre

And drinke our selues drunke all the day after.

*Til.* Whope, why the Cocke ale has spur'd thee already.

*Ien.* Thou art a Coxcombe to say so, I will run vp, and

Come downe my Ladder as nimble as a Squerrill.

*Tiler.* For going vp I know not, but thou't come downe

With thy head forward.

*Ien.* Why then that's a tricke more then ever thou sawest

in thy life, oh in my ale I can doe any thing, tumble like an

Eliphant.

*Enter Clunie, and Officers.*

*Clunie.* Now where's this Tiler.

*Ienke.* At hand quoth pickepurse,

Ha you any worke for a tiler.

*Clunie.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Clu.* Not so much worke fir as you haue made for the  
And which way crost the man? searcher.

*Ien.* Should there not be two hundred of flates, saist thou?

*Clu.* Answere me hobbihorse,  
Which way crost he you saw enow?

*Ien.* Who doe you speake to fir,  
We haue forgot the hobbihorse.

*Tiler.* Yes truly fir,  
Looke well amongst your selues for him. (saw.

*Clu.* The man, the man firra Saunders, that you said you

*Ien.* That I saw said you, all that I saw was a russet  
Gentleman with a tosted Cullizance, and hee went downe  
Gutter-lane I assure you. (see him.

*Clu.* That's as true as *Sands* crost this way, and wee not

*Tiler.* Did he crosse this way and you not see him, the  
more blind bezzard you.

*Clu.* You told vs firra enow, he went this way.

*Ien.* Who I, then I told you a lye, for I was then sipping  
my mornings draught.

*Clu.* Say fellowes did not he direct vs thither.

*Ien.* I, who I? *Ienken* the *Tiler*.

*Watch.* I you.

*Ien.* Blesse my flating, is the devill amongst you, that you  
fall so fast a lying, if I saw any of you before would every  
flite I haue vvere in your bellies, vwhy doe you not know  
*Ienken* the *Tiler*.

*Tiler.* Nor hugh the good Dutches of Suffolkes man.

*Clu.* The Dutches man, an Hereticke,

*Ien.* Nay nay, thats most certaine, whats an *Erewig* fir,  
a good fellow I hope.

*Clu.* You shall haue that defend,  
When you come before my Lord.

*Tiler.* Oh by no meanes,  
He spits nothing bnt fire and fagot-sticks.

*Ien.* No matter, I haue ale enough in my belly to  
Quench vm.

*Clu.* So guard them safe, these villaines haue conveid

That

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

That traytor *Sands* their fellow, hence.

*Jenk.* Not I, I defie you, I renounce and confound you.

*Clu.* Dam vp the brickbars mouth, convey them hence,  
Tis they shall pay the price of *Sands* offence.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Dutches like a Citizens Wife  
with Cranwell.*

*Dutch.* *Cranwell.*

*Cranw.* Madam.

*Dutch.* Speake softly, where is Nurse, speake softly pre-  
thee, Lord! why loyers she, but call her not : soft, soft, what  
creaking shooes hast thou got *Cranw.* to betray our feare,  
put off them traytors.

*Cranw.* Madam.

*Dutch.* Thou speakest too loud.

*Cran.* Neither my tongue, nor shooes, can reach an eare.

*Dutch.* Yes *Cranwell* but they doe of icalous feare.

My life is on the hazard of this game,  
And I mistrust each step will cheate the same.

*Cran.* O that the poyson of this feare were once removed.

*Dutch.* We should not then halt heere  
The poyson that's the treason of my foes,  
I wish but patience to abide their blowes,  
But who comes heere, *Nurse*, with a candle light  
Tis darkenesse woman must guide out our feete.

*Enter Nurse with a Candle.*

*Clunie aboue.*

*Clu.* What light is that there ho?

*Dutch.* *Nurse* what hast thou done?  
Disperse away, to Lyon key be gon.

*Clu.* What ho, will none speake there, awake the guard.

*Dut.* What stay you for, for heavens sake will you goe,  
Good *Cranwell*, sweet *Nurse*, linger not my wee.

*Cran.* How will you find that way you yet nere went?

D

*Dutch.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Dutch.* Ile'trust in him that guides the Innocent,  
Giue me my Child, & Mantle, now heavens pleasure: *Exe.*  
Frewell, come life or death, Ile hug my treasure, *Cranwell*  
Nay chide not pretty babe, our enemies come *and Nurse.*  
Thy crying will pronounce thy mothers dome.

*Clunie Within.*

*Clu.* Shees gone, shes gone.

*Dutch.* Not far, but be thou still  
This gate may shade vs from their envious will. *Exit.*

*Enter Clunie and Garde.*

*Clu.* Gone, gone, pursue her or we are vndone.

*Exeunt With Garde.*

*Enter Dutches.*

*Dutch* Oh feare what art thou! lend me wings to flie,  
Direct me in this plunge of misery,  
Nature has taught the Child obedience,  
Thou hast bin humble to thy mothers wish,  
Oh let me kisse these dutious lips of thine,  
That would not kill thy mother with a cry,  
Now forward whither heaven directs, for I  
Can guide no better then thine infancy,  
Heere are two Pilgrims bound to Lyon-key,  
And neither knowes one footstep of the way,  
Returne you, then tis time to shift me hence. *Exit.*

*Enter Clunie With Guards.*

*Clu.* Search euery corner, heere, behind this gate  
Her mantle, oh the lucke, had we but staid  
To search this nooke, when fury bore vs hence  
With violence to overtake her course,  
We had prevented her intended scape  
But what heaven would not, could not, tis decreed,  
Her innocent life, should not by envy bles'd:  
But heere we stint not, to pursue her flight,  
I know twill boyle vp *Bonnors* rancorous spight. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Enter Dutches.*

*Dutch.* Thus far, but Heaven knowes where wee haue  
The eager pursuite of our enemies, (escapt  
Having for guidance my attentiu feare,  
Still I looke backe, still start my tyred feet,  
Which never till now measur'd London street,  
My honors scornd that custome, they would ride,  
Now forc't to walke, more weary paine to bide:  
Thou shalt not doe so child, Ile carry thee  
In sorrowes armes to welcome misery,  
Custome must steele thy youth with pinching want,  
That thy great birth in age may beare with scant,  
Sleepe peace ablie sweete ducke, and make no noise  
Me thinkes each step is deaths aresting voice,  
We shall meete *Nurse* anon, a dug will come  
To please my quiet infant, when, *Nurse*, when?

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Who's that calls *Nurse*?

*Dutch.* Aye me I am oreheard.

*She hides herselfe.*

*Enter Cranwell.*

*Nurse.* Master *Cranwell*.

*Cranw.* Who goes there? *Nurse*?

*Dutch.* *Cranwell*.

*Cranw.* Madam.

*Nurse.* My sweete Lady.

*Dutch.* Whist honest *Nurse*? how strangely are we met?

*Cranw.* It is the place where you appointed vs.

*Dutch.* Then heaven is gracious to my ignorance,  
For had this night worne on the pride of day,  
By it I could not haue found out the way.

*Nurse.* Are you not weary Madam?

*Dutch.* Admit I be, let patience ease all, theres no remedy:  
*Within cry.* For Grauefend hoe.

*Dutch.* Whats that, he frighted me.

D 2

*Cranw.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Cranw.* They call for their passengers to Graues-end.

*Dut.* Passe we our feares with them, there staies at Lee  
A Barke that will redeeme our liberty,  
If you dare venture, with my fortunes goe,  
A tide of Ioy, may turne this streame of Woe.

*Cranw.* How you resolute of me, I know not, try,  
And when I shrinke, brand me with infamy.

*Dut.* In heavens name, on then, fellowes all in sorrow,  
When we stand need, weele mutuall comfort borrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bonner, Gardner, Clunie, Jenkin  
and Tiler, guarded.*

*Bon.* My Lord sit downe, stand forth thou Ipocret.

*Jen.* I never drunke Ipocrasse in my life sir,  
Twas strong Ale that I am guilty of.

*Bon.* Clunie give evidence against this wretch,  
Hath set his hand to helpe a traytor hence.

*Jen.* Indeed my Lord I am no Traytor, I am a Tilor,  
Clunie tells your Lordship a fable, we saw no such Man,  
not vvec.

*Gard.* No, wilt thou obstinately stand in it,  
Didst not thou lend him a disguise, imploy him  
Mongst other laborers about thy worke,  
And yet wilt thou deny thou art no Traytor.

*Bon.* Slaue, Villain, Dogge,  
Haue we not heere the honest testimony.  
Of mine owne Parator, that saw him clothed  
In thy apparell, and darest thou deny it,  
Fagots, fagots, hence toth' stake with him.

*Jen.* Oh good my Lord, I shall neuer indure it,  
I was wance but burnt ith hand, and I haue bin  
The worfe fort ever since, doe but heere me,  
Prooue that I had any other apparell this seven yeares,  
Then that you see vpon my backe, and burne me not,  
But cut me into rashers, and broyle me for Carbonadoes.

*Clu.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Clu.* My Lords as I am *Clunie*, and your Parator,  
This counterfeit simplicitude was he,  
That twixt the houres of 12. and 1. at Noone,  
Convayd the impious Traytor from our search,  
By shifting him into his homely raggs.

*Ien.* Twixt 12. and 1. nere trust me, but at that very  
time I and my fellow heere, (canst thou speake nothing for  
thy selfe) were at dinner at mother *Puttscks*, with a piece  
of a Tripe and a blacke-Pudding, by the same token there  
was a candles end in't as long as my thumbe.

*Bon.* So, so, yar a cunning Knaue, but firra, firra,  
This cannot serue your turne, you rescued him,  
And that by'th law is held as Capitall,  
As if thy selfe wert guilty of the crime.

*Gard.* His crime my Lord is it not manifest,  
That hees a favourer of these Schismatikes,  
And vvhhat is that but flat rebellion.

*Bon.* Goe too, he must frye fort, he, shall I say the word,  
*Bonner* that ere long will purge this land with bonfiers,  
We come not with the Olive branch of Peace,  
But with the sword of iustice, these Hidraes-heads will still  
Be flourishing, vnlesse at once we giu't a fatall stroke,  
Let them convert to ashes, let them burne,  
So shall the State be quiet: how now, vvhhat newes?  
What haue you caught the *Dutches*.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Most strangely sir, she did escape my hands,  
Besides at *Billingsgate* haue I kept narrow search,  
Yet for my life could set no eye on her.

*Bon.* But vve haue all this vvhile taine a vvrong course,  
Shall vve imagine being hunted thus:  
She vvhould commit the sauegard of her life  
To common passage, where she was assur'd  
There vvhould be diligent waight laid for her:  
No, shees more subtile, all the vvhorld, my Lord,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Shall not perswade, but shees in England still,  
In Marget. Lee, or some such bordering towne.

*Messen.* And in good time I met a man of hers,  
One *Fox*, my Lord, a fellow, as it seemes,  
Disgac't by her, that told me we were wide  
In that we went about.

*Gard.* Where met you him.

*Messen.* Comming from *Abgate*.

*Bon.* Would he not confesse  
Which way his Lady, *Mistrisse* vvas escapt?

*Mes.* With much a doe my Lords, with threats and pro-  
At last he told me he would bring (mises,  
Where we might trace her, and intrap her too.

*Bon.* Why brought you not that fellow to our presence?  
He shall haue dispensation how he will,  
So he be trusty, and performe his word.

*Messen.* He promis'd faithfully to meete me heere.

*Bon.* Well if he come, your eare. *They whisper.*

*Enter Fox.*

*Fox.* Now *Fox* devise to qualifie  
Thy nature to thy name,  
These be meere Caniballs  
That take no pleasure but in sucking blood,  
And though vnluckly it was thy chance,  
To fall into their hands, yet be not thou  
(How ever outward grieuances may vrge)  
A traytor to thy Lady; smooth with these,  
That vnder collour to betray the *Dutches*,  
She may haue safer liberty to passe.

*Messen.* See my Lords, hee's come.

*Bon.* Come hither sirra; you did serue the *Dutches*,  
And tis no doubt but you can giue vs notice  
Which way shee's fled, stand not vpon nice tearmes  
As fearing to incurre some deadly sinne,  
But tell vs plainly which way she is gone,

*Fox.*



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

**Fox.** My Lords, I cannot readily discover  
Which way shee's gone, by reason I haue bin  
Long in disgrace, and quite dismiss the house,  
But sure it is, she went disguis'd from hence,  
And tis not possible but she must lurke,  
Within some Haven towne nere to the coast.

**Gard.** What Towne, as thou imaginest?

**Fox.** My Lords I thinke toward Dover,  
Or the Downes of Kent.

**Bon.** Nay thats not likely, soft, some  
Newes I hope. *A horne.*

*Enter A Post.*

**Post.** Health to this honorable presence,  
I come to certifie your Lordships ail.

That as we kept the Ports on Essex side,  
Twas credibly reported, that the *Dutches*  
With little or no trayne, is lodg'd in Lee,  
And for she is disguis'd, and our Commission  
Expir'd the date, we craue a fresh supply,  
And some direction how to intercept her.

**Bon.** No better meanes then to renew our vvarrant,  
And send this fellow with it that doth know her,  
Into vwhat shape so ere she be transform'd.

It shall be so, I thanke thee Purfuyvant  
For thy good newes, it glads me at the heart,  
I shall at length be even with this proud *Dutches*,  
At Lee in Essex, oh tis excellent:

But I will tell you how't shall be my Lord,  
*Fox* shall not goe alone, *Clunie* and I  
Will beare him companie and vvithall, ha, ha,  
I cannot choose but laugh to tell the rest,  
As shee's disguis'd to hide her from my sight,  
So vvill I be, to take her, in her flight,  
Is it not good, is it not rare my Lord,  
Nay is it not the best that ere you heard,  
When subtilty by fraud shall be debar'd,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

I vvarrant you shee's ours *Clunie Fox* come hither,  
Provide you straight, *Fox* thou shalt goe vwith me,  
Ha, vvilt thou not.

*Fox.* (A plague vpon you,) I must answer, I.  
How ere my heart abhor this treachery,  
My Lord I vvill.

*Bon.* Why now thou pleasest me,  
And I will richly recompence thy paines,  
But for we vvill not, our affaires at home,  
In the meane time be slackt, or intermitted,  
You my good Lords, shall haue a speciall care,  
About it straight, *Fox, Clunie*, follow me,  
This is to *Bonner* chiefe felicity.

*Exeunt all but Fox, and Jenken.*

*Fox.* Yes, I vvill follow,  
Though not further ye,  
I trust this is a meanes ordain'd of Heaven,  
To bridle this bloodsuckers cruelty,  
But how now, vvhat art thou.

*Jenken.* Marry sir an honest man and a Tiler, that vvvas  
sent for hither to bee examined about wan *M. Sands*, and it  
seemes for Ioy they haue to kno vvhere the *Dutches* is, they  
haue forgotten me, what were I best to doe.

*Fox.* What else but get thee home vnto thy house,  
Away be packing, since they haue forgot thee,  
Doe not thou tarry to reuiue their memory.

*Jen.* Nay it I put them in mind on't, let me be chokt,  
For want of drinke, since Ale thou art so happy,  
He take the tother pot while it is nappy.

*Exit Jenken.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

*Actus*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

## Actus Tertius.

Enter Dutches, Cranwell, Nurse, the Child,  
Sands, Master Goseling  
a Merchant.

*Goseli.* Most honourd Princes, thinke your selfe as safe,  
In my protection at this towne of Lee,  
As in the strongest hould you doe possesse.

*Dut:* Good M. *Goseling* now vve flie to you  
Asto our harbor, in your hands it lies,  
Either to comfort, or confound our liues?

*Sands.* We now are chased by many savage men,  
That vwith blood-thirstinesse pursue our deaths,  
Being yet vwithin the closure of their armes,  
And desperate of all hope to you we flie.

*Cranw.* Cosen *Goseling* 'moungst a world of other men,  
The providence of heaven chose out you,  
Either to be made famous for true faith,  
Or by disloyall dea'ing infamous,  
Presuming on your perfit honesty,  
I brought my noble mistresse, this graue Doctor,  
This infant Lady, and present vs all,  
To your safe conduct; to betray our lines,  
*Bonner* will giue you gold, woe to that good  
That bad men get, by selling guiltlesse blood,  
If any such thought haue possesst your heart,  
Make Marchandise of mine, let these escape,  
For these are pretious in the eyes of heaven,  
Let them depart, leade me to *Bonner* first,  
Happy my blood, to quench his raging thirst.

*Gosel.* Cosen I wonder, what desert of mine  
Hath bred in you this bad opinion,  
But I impute it rather to the zeale  
You beare your Ladies safety, then the thought

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Of any treason you discerne in me,  
Madam my life, yet out of dangers gripe,  
I thrust into your perill, wirtesse heaven,  
I take vpon me to conceale your flight,  
And now I am as deepe in *Bonnors* hate  
As neere to danger, as the next to death,  
Be confident in me, the zeale I beare,  
To the sincere profession of the truth,  
Is a sure guard for you to trust vpon.

*Dut.* The poorest Princes, only rich in faith,  
Will pay you a large bounty of her praiers,  
Remember then you call me *Mistrisse White*,  
For by that name I past from *Billings-gate*,  
Thence to *Grauel-end*, and so from thence to *Lee*,  
Where vnder your protection we remayne.

*Sands.* In every place we heere the Hue and Cry,  
Pursue our fearefull flight, in every towne  
We heere the voyce of persecution. *Noyse within.*

*Cranw.* And harke I heere the officers within  
If we be knowne, we are but dead.

*Gosel.* Tush *Mistrisse White*,  
That name shall giue free scope vnto your flight.

*Enter Constable, and Officers.*

*Consta.* Good you, good even *M. Gosseling*,  
Good you, good even.

*Gosel.* Welcome good *M. Constable*,  
whats the newes with you.

*Consta.* Marry wee haue a warrant heere from the high  
Commission, to seeke for a *Dutches*, and certaine other  
People, that are in her company, as *Doctor Sands*, and one  
Matter *Cranwell*, her Gentleman-vsher, we are commanded  
to search your house for such suspected Persons.

*Gosel.* See *M. Constable*, with me remains  
No more than here is *Mistris White* my daughter,  
Come with her Child, and Nurse to visit me,

With

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

With this her husband, this her husbands father,  
If you thinke her a Dutches, him a Doctor,  
Then you may apprehend them at your pleasure,  
If not, you had best to make a further search,  
For I protest, no stranger more then these,  
Harbors within my roose.

*Con.* I take your word sir, and yet I wil not, I wil search  
She a Dutches, blesse her good Woman, (within.)  
Good Mistris *White* y'ar welcome to Lee, as I may say  
We haue an honest neighbor of your Father,  
Is this your Child, heaven blesse the little mopps,  
Alack, alack, it is as like the Grand-sire  
As ever it may looke, my pretty ducke.

*Enter Fox.*

*Fox.* Where's M. Constable, haue you made search,  
In these suspitious houses.

*Dut.* Good heaven protect vs, now we are betraid,  
This Villaine will, I feare, discover vs.

*Fox.* I know her, them, and all.

*Dutch.* Good M. *Goseling* stand to vs now,  
Or we are betraid.

*Gosel.* Get you into my house.

*Fox.* Stand there attend there M. Constable,  
My M. Doctor *Bonner* in disguise,  
Stayes at the gate, let me survey these parties.

*Craw.* Thou knowest vs *Fox*, wee haue bin fellow ser-  
Confer the yeeres past, with the present times, (vants,  
And it will make thy flinty heart relent.

*Fox.* I know thee not.

*Craw.* O *Fox*, she hath bin the most honored Mistris,  
That ever seruant serued, stay me,  
And whilst their bloody hands are busied,  
With ceising me, let her, and these escape. (was

*Fox.* Peace fellow, now no fellowes, shy Mistr. when she  
In prosperity, turn'd me off, and therefore I will not know

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Her in extremity.

*Cranw.* Wilt thou not know her in extremity,  
Vngratefull villaine.

*Fox.* No sir, I will not, I come to looke a *Dutches*,  
Woman be gon, I know thee not, thou a Doct. thou a dunce,  
Get thee gon, *Cranwell* I knew, he was my fellow servant,  
Thee I know not, thou art a paultrei fellow,  
Away *Goseling*, take in your geese,  
Ship them at your pleasure, when the coast is cleere,  
I my selfe will giue you a watch-word.

*Sands.* The fellow may meane well, let vs withdraw.

*Dut.* I now perceiue, I haue done his faith much wrong,  
His heart has no relation to his tongue. *Exeunt.*

*Fox.* Away, whers the Constable.  
Heeres neither *Cranwell*, *Sands*, *Dutches*, nor *Child*,  
Goe call in my Lord *Bonner*.

*Enter Bonner, and Clunie.*

*Bonn. Fox.*

*Fox.* My Lord.

*Bon.* What hast thou found them *Fox*?

*Fox.* My Lord we had a wrong intelligence,  
But thus you shall surprise them, passe they cannot  
But by this way, now will we watch these passages,  
For now the tide's at height, if they intend  
To ship themselues, it must be presently,  
Place your selfe heere, dire &ly by this well,  
By you *Clunie*, heere I meane to stand,  
Guard that place well, by me this shall be mand.

*Bon.* stand by me *Clunie*, *Fox*, ile pay thee well,  
If by thy meanes we catch these miscreants, (stand,  
I will bee thy making *Fox*, M. Cunstable where will you

*Fox.* Let him keepe that way, that beares to landward,  
That way, I am sure they will not take,  
Goe make a strong watch there. (passage.

*Con.* I warrant you M. *Fox*, let vs alone to guard that  
*Clunie.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Clu.* My Lord, you had best sit for your ease. *Exit Con.*

*Bon.* Oh I could watch houres, daies, nights, moneths, & So I might see their hearts weepe bloody teares. *(yeeres,*

*Fox.* Looke you stand sure Lord *Bonner*, for I hope, Anon youle neede a bucket, and a rope.

*Enter Goseling, Dutches, Sands, Cranwell, Nurse, and Child.*

*Gose.* Keepe close together, lest you loose your trayne, My barke is ready to receaue you straight, That way you neede must take, Ile not be seene, Heaven be your guide, with me you haue not bin. *Exit.*

*Dutch* Good sir farewell, my prayers on you attend, I will report you for a Princes friend.

*Fox.* Stand, trust me and keepe on, What ere you see shrinke not, away begon, My Lord they come, they come, away, away.

*Bon.* Helpe, helpe, for heavens sake helpe. *Exeunt they.*

*Clu.* My Lord is in the well.

*Fox.* A rope for Bishop *Bonner*, *Clunie* run, Call helpe, a rope, or we are all vndone.

*Clu.* Ile to the watch for helpe. *Exit Clunie.*

*Bon.* Helpe, helpe, good *Fox.*

*Fox.* Soft *Bonner*, not too fast Heere is no comming out till they be past, My armes too short my Lord, a rope is comming.

*Enter Clunie, Constable, Watch, with Ropes.*

*Clu.* Heere in this well, ropes, ropes my masters.

*Fox.* By this they are far enough, Well done my Masters, lends your hands, Draw Dun out of the ditch.

Draw, pull, helpe all, so, so, well done. *They pull him out.*

*Bon.* Oh *Fox*, oh *Clunie*, oh my Masters all, I am almost drown'd, oh lead me to some fire.

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Oh *Fox*, what meanest thou to rush with such rude force.

*Fox*. What would you haue me doe, I saw them come,  
And I had not the power to stay my selfe. (ming,

*Enter Goseling.*

*Bon*. And are they past.

*Gose*. What stand you trifeling here, what seeke you for?  
If for the *Dutches*, if for *Doctor Sands*,  
For *Cranwell*, and the rest, they in disguise,  
Are got aboard a Ship, and with full sailes,  
Flye from the Shore.

*Bon*. Thou telst me a sad tale,

Post *Fox*, run *Clunie*, hire a Barke with speede,  
*Goseling*, we were suspicious of thy faith,  
But by this message, thou hast cleer'd thy selfe,  
See *Goseling*, I am almost drown'd.

*Gos*. I am sorry for your honor, that you scap't.

*Bon*. Tush we trifle time in their vaine pursute,  
Thou shalt haue gold *Fox*; *Clunie*, thou reward,  
Helpe me to fire good *Goseling*, *Fox* away,  
We loose much expedition by thy stay.

*Fox*. Ile after them my Lord.

*Bon*. May all things prosper to thy hearts desire,  
Come *Goseling*, prethee lead me to a fire. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Bertie, and Pericell a Walloone.*

*Bertie*. And as I told you sir, with that excuse,  
I grounded this my colorable passage,  
And sent a ship, which staies for her at Lee,  
Where by appointment she had promis'd meeting,  
But she is so watcht, so guarded, and so bard,  
Of her true servants presence and accessse,  
That I despaire of her arrivall here.

*Pere*. Good M. *Bertie*, cheere your drooping thoughts,  
We are Walloones, but in subiection,

And



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

And strict obedience to the church of Rome,  
Rewards and promises, are sent abroad,  
To every forreine Prince, and Burgomaster,  
To stay the *Dutches*, for the rumor runns,  
She is escapt already from her house.

*Enter Sands.*

*Ber.* Tis very certaine M. *Perisell*,  
Now shall we heare some newes,  
Here's Doctor *Sands*.

*Sands.* Newes of the *Dutches*, that will please but ill,  
I will forbear to speake of our escapes,  
All which were wing'd, with fortune, and successe,  
And tell you of one haplesse accident,  
We all tooke Ship at Lee, but not together,  
For I alone past in a Hollander,  
No sooner did the wind blow from the shore,  
But rose a tempest, which disperst our ships,  
And we might see the Barke wherein she went,  
By violence of the waues forc'd backe againe,  
Even to the havens mouth.

*Ber.* Even to deaths leane armes,  
Thy tragicke newes, hath slaine me M. *Sands*,  
We are as one, and what betide her person,  
I feele in a true essence of her grieffe.

*Pere.* In these exreames, tis good to hope the best.

*Ber.* Oh M. *Perecill*, the worst of ill,  
Falls on her head, and can I hope the best,  
Shees like a Lambe, trapt with a heard of Wolues,  
A harmelesse Doue, amongst a thousand Haukes,  
If she return'd, what providence can saue,  
A body doom'd already to the graue.

*Enter Cranwell, Dutches, Nurse, Child.*

*Sands.* See M. *Bertie*, lift vp your sad eyes.

*Dutch.* *Bertie*.

*Bertie.* Madam.

*Kisse.*

*Sands.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Sands.* Oh see the meeting of two faithfull soules,  
What a sweete vnion it doth make of hearts,  
When one another mutrall ioy imparts.

*Dutch.* Defer the story, of our dangers past,  
To acquaint vs with some comfortable ayd.

*Bert.* Oh pardon me one minute gentle Madam,  
If I delay your faire request a little,  
To take my fellow seruant by the hand,  
Good M. *Cranwell*, the firme loyalty,  
You beare your Mistresse, in her great extreames,  
Shall be recorded in a booke of Brasse.

*Cranw.* Alas I haue scanted of my duty much,  
My liberall will's ioynd with vnable power,  
With my true service I doe ioyne my life,  
And owe them both, vnto your princely Wife.

*Bert.* You are a Mirror, *Nurse*, so art thou,  
Thy noble carriage, thus I Kisse with ioy,  
Alas poore Lady, thou, ere thou canst goe,  
Art forst to leaue thy countrey, thy returne,  
Will make them smile, that now are forst to mourne,  
Thy infancy in Pilgrimage is spent,  
Yet thy abode heereafter shall be Kent,  
And be an honord Countesse of that name,  
For some true diuining spirits doe ayme,

*Dutch.* What Gentleman is that.

*Bert.* Tis a Walloone *Feris de Ryuiers*, alias *Perecell*.

*Dutch.* May we repose with him?

*Bert.* Madam you may not,  
Neither in this place may I challenge you,  
For I am noted, and your coming hither,  
Both promised, and expected by great men,  
Who to surprise you, haue receiv'd reward,  
All Ports are laid, all passages are stop't,  
Search, and inquirie posts through every Towne.

*Pere.* Madam tis true, nor would I haue you stay,  
In Eaden long, for you are laid for heere.

*Dutch.* What shall we then doe?

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Sands.* Madam, lets to Santon,  
Let *M. Bertie* stay with *Perecell*,  
And meete vs there heereafter.

*Dutch.* Content, let it be so,  
Never two lovers, Married to more woe,  
Heere meete we, and heere part we, oh short pleasure,  
Which fortune serues vs, in too small a measure.

*Bert.* My body is devided in the midst,  
That way goes halfe my heart, and this way tother,  
Necessity thy sterne deeds I beshrow,  
That thy rude hand, giues vs the parting blow,

At Santon I will meete you Madam, heere *Exeunt Bertie,*  
I dare not know you, so adue my deere. *Perecell*

*Dutch.* *Bertie* farewell, to Santon bound we are,  
With these companions, and our conduct care,  
You people happy in a land of peace,  
That ioy your consciences, with the worlds increase,  
Looke with indifferance into my sad life,  
Heere my poore husband, dares not know his wife,  
And I a Princes, to avoid like danger,  
Must vse my owne deere husband, as a stranger,  
Towards Santon we, through deserts, any way,  
Though all should leaue me, I for griefe must stay.

*Cranw.* Madam, you see what strictnes, we are forced to.  
Lets wing our feet, till we can get to Santon,

*Sands.* Madam, let me admire your constancy,  
For heaven hath prov'd your patience every way,  
Yet you are confident, and more your zeale to trie,  
Yo'r forst your loyall husband to deny, *(faint)*

*Cran.* Then what pale trembling cowards heart would  
To wade through danger with so pure a saint?

*Enter 4. or 5. Theeves.* *(them)*

*I. Thiefe.* A bootie, stand, dispoyle them, downe with

*Dutch.* We are beset with theeves.

*Sands.* *Sands*, thou must flie,  
For weaponles, thou canst no mastery try. *Exit Sands.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Nurse.* Theeues, theeues. *Exit Nurse, and Child.*

*1. Theefe.* Pursue them not, lets cease on them that stay,  
*Fight, wound Cranwell.*

*Cranw.* Slaues, you haue murderd me.

*Theefe.* No matter, cease on her, and risse both,

Ha, by my faith a gallant lusty wench,

Tis the best booty, that we met this moneth.

*Dut.* Oh my true seruant's death, doth grieu: me more,  
Then all the sorrowes that I felt before.

*They drawe her aside to risse her.*

*Enter Bertie.*

*Ber.* I am ieaalous of the safety of my wife,  
And to escape the better through the woods,  
I haue cloath'd my selfe thus in an Out-lawes shape,  
Oh, sight of ruth, my fellow *Cranwell* slaine:  
My wife graspt in the armes of ravishers,  
Then heaven instruct me with some present meanes,  
That I may find some aid to rescue them,  
I haue it, a booty, a booty, a braue booty:  
But we want helpe, and ayd to compasse it,  
Foure wealthy Merchants, are come downe this hill,  
Some little ayd, and we shall share them all.

*2. Thiefe.* Some of you looke to see the Woman safe,  
He helpe to take the booty.

*3. Thiefe.* And so will I.

*1. Thiefe.* One bird ith' hand's worth two ith' bush:  
He take my present purchase. *(them.)*

*2. Thiefe.* Weele share a both sides, come conduct vs to

*Ber.* I will, stirre not from hence with her,  
Till we returne. *Exeunt.*

*1. Thiefe.* My life for yours, come, will you vncafe.

*Dut.* Doe not disrobe me of my clothes, as y'ar a man.

*1. Thiefe.* Tut, stand not vpon tearmes,  
I loue to see a Woman naked.

*Dutch.* Defend me heaven.

*Enter.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Enter Bertie.*

*Bert.* So ho, ho, I haue lost a Iewell,  
And left it heere behind, when I departed hence.

*1. Theefe.* What valew.

*Bert.* More pretious then thy soule, and this it is,  
Villaine, thinke not to scape, your mates are far enough.

*1. Theefe.* How goodman rascall.

*They fight, the Theefe falls.*

*Bert.* Thus, Villaine, for the world,  
I would not stayne my hands with thy base blood:  
But rascall, I will bind you to the peace,  
So now, let this ditch shelter you.

*Binds him.*

*Dutch:* My *Berty*? heaven be prais'd,  
Though I am rob'd of all the wealth I haue,  
I am rich enough, in my possessing thee,

*Bert.* Is *M. Cranwell* slaine?

*Cranw.* But sorely hurt, and I am neere to death.

*Dutch.* Bind vp your wounds, with this white hanker-  
*Bertie*, I am sovs'd to misery, (cher,  
That it seemes nothing, wheres the *Nurse* and Child?

*Bert.* Oh crosse on crosse, lets looke about the woods.

*Dutch.* My *Susan* lost, I will not stir one foot,  
But to the Villaines be a second prey,  
Vnlesse I find her.

*Cranw.* Lend me your hand deere sir, get I once vp,  
Ile spend the remnant of my blood thats left,  
In search of my young *Mistresse*.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Nurse, and Child.*

*Nurse.* Oh whither shall I flie, to saue my life,  
From the rude hands of these fell ravishers?

My haplesse Lady, and her husband both,  
By this, haue felt the cruell stroake of death,

Or which is worse, are captiue led away,

And to the Vulters gripes become a prey,

*Noise within*

*so ho, ho Nurse.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Oh harke, I heare them comming, hence begone,  
Hard is thy hap, that must be left alone,  
Deere babe forgiue me, I am forc'd for life, *Leane Child.*  
To ease my carriage, leaue thee to their strife. *Exit.*

*Enter Bertie, and Dutches looking.*

On forwards Madam, this way they are gone,  
Heaven be propitions, dire & vs in our search.

*Dutch.* Amen, amen.

*Enter Cranwell staggering, and falls neere the  
Bush where the Child is.*

*Cranw.* Oh I am lost, sinke body to the earth,  
Ascend my soule, mongst Saints receaue new birth.

*Dutch.* Helpe *Bertie*, helpe, tis *Cranwell* faints, oh helpe.

*Bert.* Speake to me man, looke vp, some wound belike  
Is yet vnstopt, from whence proceeds this large effasion,  
Its heere, lend me some linnen, so, so, he comes againe,  
And see heavens bounty, he at once hath given,  
Your Servant, and your Child: looke Madam, see,  
Throwne in a bush, and smiles, and laughes at yee.

*Dutch.* Having my Husband, Child, and thus my servant,  
I am the richest Princes on the earth,  
But *Bertie*, where's the *Nurse*, and *Docter Sands*.

*Bert.* Both fled, but wherefore Madam looke you pale.

*Dutch.* Oh *Bertie*, I doe feele the time approach  
Of my delivery, oh for helpe of Women.

*Bert.* What shall we doe, I am beyond my selfe.

*Dutch.* *Cranwell*, what towne is this that stands before.

*Cran.* Madam, they call it *Wczill*. *It snowes, and*

*Dutch.* Goe, begon, *rains, thunders.*

Thy lookes pleads for a cunning Surgeon,  
We shall not neede, thy helpe, thy wound is deeps,  
But stay you *Bertie*, you the Child must keepe.

*Cra.* Madam, this storme, the cold, and my deep wounds,  
May well excuse me, till my hurts are drest.

*Dutch:*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Dutch.* Be gon I say.

*Bert.* How fare you Madam.

*Dutch.* Sicke I am, heaven knowes,  
Ready to die, with these my pinching throwes,  
It raines, and hailes, and snowes, and blowes at once,  
Where *Berty*, may we hide vs from this storme.

*Bert.* Here in this Church-porch, Madam pray remoue,

*Dutch.* Helpe, and leade me thither, now lay the Child  
Goe gather sticks, to helpe to make a fire, (downe *Berty*.  
More plagues my sinnes doe merit yeere by yeere,  
But these, good heavens, are more then I can beare.

*Bert.* Alas, alas, this is a homely place,  
To bring a Princesse of such state to bed,  
A wide Church-porch, is made her bed-chamber,  
And the cold stones her couch, here are no curtaines,  
But the bleke Windes, could Clouds and stormes of hayle,  
And they begirt her round, heaven for thy mercy,  
This poore distressed Princes shield and saue,  
Whose cold head lies vpon some dead mans graue,  
Heere comes the Sexton, I will speake to him,  
It may be, he may helpe vs to releife.

*Enter Sexton.*

*Sex.* Gods sacrament vat maukt ye dare.

*Bert.* Patience good sir.

*Sex.* Vat bedlers in den kerke, loopt hence strax.

*Bert.* Vncivell fellow, what thou speakest, I know not,  
But thy ill meaning by thy deeds, I guesse:  
Take that to teach thee more civillity.

*Exit Cry-*

*Sex.* Out skellum one hundred towfan diuel. *ing helps.*

*Bert.* Still fortune is against vs, this base fellow  
Will raise some tumult to betray our liues,

Yet yonder comes a man of gravity, *Enter Erasmus,*

It may be he can speake the Latine tongue, *& others.*  
In that Ile let him vnderstand my griefe:

*Optime & ornatissime vir, audi quaso.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Eraf.* Quis es qui tot clamoribus, & tanta exclamacione,  
Non modo Divinum Cenatorij locum irreverenter &  
Orrofe occupas, ac urbem tam claram civelq; & Senatores,  
Propter etates suas adoratiffimas tam factioſe diſturbas.

*Dutch.* Si cum fronte tam generoſa cor tuum humanum con-  
Videatur, infortunij noſtri miſerere. ſentire

*Era.* Erasmus Roterodamus propter miſerias veſtras toto corde  
Dolet, colo perfectiones & virtutes, quas intimo meo animo  
Complectar, miſi pendo.

*Bert.* Is this Erasmus borne in Rotterdam,  
He that ſo highly lou'd Sir Thomas More?

*Eraſm.* Portate hanc ad domum Franciſci de Ryvers alias  
Sic domino dominaq; Erasmus Roterodamus omnibus (Perecell  
Officijs eſt obſervantiſſimus.

They beare her off in a  
Chayre. Exeunt.

*Finis Actus Tertij.*

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Bertie.*

*Bert.* Within this towne hath Perecell a houſe,  
There, by the credit of this learned man,  
We haue got harbor till the moneth expire,  
In which her heavy burthen may be eas'd,  
Good heaven looke downe vpon her miſery,  
Comfort her in her griefe, ſtrengthen her weakenefſe,  
Lay not our woes to wretched Banners charge,  
Free her ſweete heaven, by thy Almighty hand,  
That we may once reviſite our owne land.

*Enter Cranwell.*

*Cranw.* Now cheere your ſelfe deere ſir, here is a time,  
To breath a ſpace, this towne's a quiet port,

From



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

From the tempestuous gusts of *Bonnors* hate.

*Bart.* Some refuge I confesse, but the distressed *Dutches*,  
In Child-bed torment is a fresh alarum  
Of new sprung care, I cannot be at quiet,  
Vntill her safe deliuey be past.

*Cran.* Doubt not of that, the powerfull hand of heaven,  
In such extremities is ever strong.

*Bert.* Good heaven, when I recount the miseries  
We haue already past, me thinkes the lottery  
Of cruell Fortune, should be quite exhaust,  
And yet when I record the name of *Bonner*,  
With his desire to become great by blood,  
The greater part of woe seemes still behind.

*Cran.* Doubtlesse hees of a most pernicious spirit,  
But he that hath restrain'd his envious rage,  
And hitherto repulst him, still will curbe him.

*Bert.* I trust he will, *Cranwell* I prethee step,  
And listen from the women what good newes.

*Enter Perocell, and Sands:*

*Pere.* Pray saue that labour, we can bring the newes.

*Bert.* Welcome good Doctor *Sands*,  
What; in good health?

*Sands.* Sir, thanks to heaven, who never leaues his owne  
Nor suffers them to perish in distresse.

*Bert.* How fares the *Dutches*,  
Gentle host resolute me.

*Pere.* Happy and well, cheere your declining thoughts,  
Well that her perillous conflict hath an end,  
And happy that to comfort her withall,  
Theres borne this day a young Lord *Willobie*.

*Bert.* A Boy.

*Pere.* A goodly Boy M. *Bertie*.  
And one in whom already doth appeare,  
These signes of Courage, to revenge your wrongs,

*Bertie*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Ber.* Good heaven I thanke thee,  
This your newes deere friend,  
Is as a summons after death to life, the preservation  
Of his mother in travell, was wonderous strange,  
The place where he is borne is strange,  
The loving hands, that did first entertayne  
His presence to this pilgrimage of life,  
Are likewise strange, then as his birth hath bin,  
So shall his name, weele call him *Peregrine*.

*Sands.* A stranger to his Countrey by that name,  
But by his deeds hereafter time may prooue,  
None more adventured for his Countreys loue.

*A Drum beats a soft March.*

*Ber.* As it please his starres, but soft,  
What Drum is this, some galle I feare,  
To intermix our sweete,  
Some sorrow to confound this sudden ioy.

*Pere.* Your servant *Fox* did vow to bring you word,  
If any hurt were secretly pretended.

*Ber.* Is *Fox* arived, vpon what cause,  
Is *Fox* arived, vpon what cause  
Is he past over, doe you know gentle sir.

*Enter Fox.*

*Pere.* Himselfe make answer for himselfe.

*Fox.* Sir, be not you dismayd, in breite these drums,  
And those that after these sad Musicke daunce,  
Are none that wish you, nor the *Dutches* good,  
A Captayne sent from England, and the bloodhound *Clunie*,  
With them the Duke of Brunswicke, clad in armes,  
And at the least, ten Ensignes after him,  
These how ere they vizard their intents,  
With other colour, as to vex the Emperour,  
Yet their whole purpose, is to looke for you,  
The gates, and walls, are every way beset,

And

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

And through the Towne, a privy search begun,  
And but you presently devise some meanes,  
To scape from hence, theyle take you in your lodging.

*Bertie.* Escape, theres now no time to talke of scape,  
No, no, the secret providence of heaven,  
Hath so ordain'd, we should be *Bonnors* thrall,  
And welcome wished death, the end of all.

*Sands.* My mind presageth of a better speed,  
What M. *Bertie*, why not now escape,  
As well as heeretofore.

*Bertie.* How can that be,  
The painefull *Dutches*, lying now in Child-bed.

*Sands.* Is there no art, no meanes to blind their eyes.

*Fox.* You are so many of you, tis impossible,  
Besides the *Dutches*, she cannot remooue.

*Bert.* Oh, were shee safe, I car'd not for my life.

*Sands.* Nor I for mine.

*Fox.* Nor I, had I ten thousand liues,

*Pere.* Cease you your passions, my braine hath tutord  
And in a cunning plot shall set you free. (mc,

*Ber.* Doe that, and *Bertie* is for ever thine.

*Fox.* *Fox*, and his sword, for that will be thy slaue.

*Cranw.* Thy friendship will I beare vnto my grane.

*San.* What thou attempt'st,  
My prayers shall helpe to second.

*Pere.* I neither doe expe& thanks, nor reward,  
But what I doe is of meere charity,  
Then list vnto me, there's a friend of mine,  
A Countrey Gentleman, not far from hence,  
Whose brother late returned from the warres,  
And falling sicke, within the Citty heere,  
Dyed some few dayes since, now this Gentleman,  
Because his brother shall be buried,  
Amongst his Ancestors, decrees this night,  
To haue his body in a Wagon brought,  
Home to the Parish Church, where he remaines,

# *The Dutches of Suffolke.*

And for that purpose, hath his servants sent,  
To see it safe conveyd : A waggon like to theirs,  
Covered with blacke, shall be provided straight,  
Into the which, by helpe of Womens hands,  
The *Dutches*, and her Infant shall be lifted,  
You, and the rest disguis'd in mourning weeds,  
Shall follow after as the guard,  
And in the dead Mans name without suspect,  
Passe by the Souldiers, who if they chance,  
To question who you are,  
The Burgers being by, and made acquainted,  
With such a herce, that is to passe that way,  
Will quickly answer them, without more search,  
How like you this.

*Bert.* It will I hope proue currant.

*Sands.* The pretext is fit, and for the *Dutches* ease:

*Fox.* *Fox* has no more sence then a batle-dooere,  
If in his iudgement, we already be not  
Delivered from the mischief of their hands.

*Pere.* Come Ile provide you all things necessary,  
And after pray for your successe therein,

*Fox.* Ile backe to them, and helpe you what I can.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Brunswick L. Paget, Portgrane,  
Clunie, and Souldiers.*

*Paget.* Great Duke of Brunswick, this your flexible,  
And courteous disposition of your troopes,  
To be for Englands service, shall receaue  
The due belongeth to so great a merit.

*Brunsw.* Noble Capraine, I were much to be condemned,  
If I neglect my duty to the Church,  
But are you sure, these fugetiues are heere?

*Pag.* *Clunie*, thou doubtst me, that thou sawest a man  
Of theirs, since we beset the towne, wast true?

*Clu.* Yes noble Captaine, *Cranwell* the *Dutches* usher,  
And

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

And there's no question, but the rest are heere,

*Bru.* Well then Captaine, the other Ports being garded,  
Heere with this company weeie keepe our station,  
Where is the *Portgrane*? haue you sent abroad,  
Sufficient search amongst the private houses?

*Port.* We haue my Lord.

*Bru.* They cannot be in Weasell;  
But either comming forth, or lurking heere,  
They must in all sorts be discovered by vs.

*Cap.* Oh they are politick, and passing subtile,  
And if or art, or policie, can helpe them,  
There's in their company, an Instrument,  
Can plot a hundred waies for their escape.

*Bru.* Let them expresse their cunning, if they can,  
And scape our hands, now we haue sented them.

*Enter Fox.*

*Fox.* How now my Lord, oh I am out of breath,  
In comming to you, yet I hope my hast,  
Is little for your purpose, they are comming,  
Stand on your guard, for this way they must passe,  
Ther's *Bertie, Cranwell, Sands*, with them the *Dutches*,

*Cap.* Twas well done *Fox*, there's thy reward, stand close,  
Or, now, or never, let vs shew our care, stand, who goes  
(there?)

*Enter foure, bearing a Hearce, Bertie,  
Sands, Cranwell, Mourners.*

*Bru.* Some funerall it seemes.

*Cap.* It may be some device procured by them,  
So to escape the danger of our watch, stand.

*Port.* I can assure your Lordship, tis not so,  
This is the body of young *Vandermaest*,  
Whose brother dwelling some foure leagues from hence,  
Although he died heere, yet will haue him buried,  
Whereas his Ancestors are all intomb'd,  
And for that cause, hath sent his servants for him.

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Brunf.* Is it no otherwise.

*Barty.* No mighty Prince,  
And would to heaven it had not bin so now.

*Cap.* Passie then, passe, it is not you we looke for.

*Exeunt they.*

*Brunf.* What was this *Vandermaest*, a Cittizen?

*Port.* No my good Lord, he was a Souldier,  
A proper Gentleman, and one had served  
The Emperour, and others in their warres,  
Yet was ordain'd, to end his dayes at home.

*Enter second Funerall.*

*Brunf.* A thing no more then vsuall, but how now,  
Whats here, an other funerall? nay then  
It is a hazzard, we are all deluded.

*Cap.* My thoughts began to prophetic as much,  
Speake, are not you the parties that even now  
Came this way, with a mourning funerall.

*1. Mour.* Not we my Lord, this is the first appearance,  
We made this evening.

*Brunf.* What haue you there conceal'd.

*1. Mour.* Nothing my Lord, but a dead body Coffin'd,  
The brother of our M. late deceast.

*Port.* I, this is *Vandermaest*, the other past,  
Vpon my life, was *Barty*, and the *Dutches*.

*Cap.* They were vnwilling to looke vp me thought.

*Brunf.* And he that spake, spake with a fained voice.

*Fox.* Twas they, twas they, oh, I could teare my haire,  
To thinke we were so grossely overseene.

*Cap.* I said as much, come let vs follow them,  
Send horsemen out, to every quarter straight,  
My Lord of *Brunswick*.

*Brunf.* You need not bid me ride,  
This oversight, hath clapt wings to my thoughts.

*Exeunt all but Fox.*

*Fox.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Fox.* Now for some pretty policy againe,  
To lead them forth the way, vntill the *Dutches*,  
May reach Polonia, and deserue the prize,  
*Fox* play thy part, some stratagem devise.

*Exit Fox.*

*Enter Bonner, and Gardner,*

*Bonn.* Wher sits the winde, no newes from Germany?  
If those malicious fugitiues be tayne,  
Our officers I feare, negle& their charge,  
Our Captaine deales but coldly with the States.

*Gard.* I dreamt my Lord, that *Bertie* and the *Dutches*,  
Were both advanc't vpon a regall throne,  
And had their temples wreath'd with glittering gold.

*Bon.* That throne doe I interpret, is the stage  
Of horrid death, those wreathes of Gold, bright flames,  
That shall not onely cirele in their browes,  
But wind about their bodies, till they waste,  
And be converted to a heape of ashes,  
Me thinks this worke of ours, goes slowly forward,  
The ayre of England freezeth for defect  
Of burning Meteors, to keepe it warme.

*Gard.* See yet my Lord, there hath of late bin sacrific'd,  
In sundry places, many persons, of severall qualities,  
Whose names were tedious to relate.

*Bon.* Tut this is nothing, every towne should blaze,  
And every streete, in every towne looke red,  
With glowing finders of the Miscreants:  
Till like to Cockle, they were quite extinct,  
And nothing seene to flourish but pure Corne:  
The morning spends apace, where are these knaues,  
Appointed to bring Fagots for the fire,  
Wherein bold *Latimer*, and *Ridley* must expire.

*Enter two With Fagots.*

*Gard.* They come my Lord.

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Bonner.* Fye on you loytering knaues,  
Why make you not more hast, be gon, I say,  
And see the stake, and every thing be ready,  
See how I am still procrastinated,  
The Maior of Oxford, meanes to dyne I thinke,  
Before he bring the Prisoners to the stake,  
How now? where are they?

*Enter Sherife.*

*Sherife.* Hard at hand my Lord,  
But the weake age of *Latimer* is such,  
They cannot come so fast, as else they would,  
Besides some disputations as they passe,  
Had with the Schollers, hath detayn'd their speede.

*Bon.* Ile haue no disputations, bring them on.

*Enter Latimer, and Ridley, with Halberds.*

*Ridley.* Come brother *Latimer*, lend me your arme,  
The weake, the weake, but not the blind, the blind,  
This day in Oxford, shall be seene to guide.

*Lati.* My heart is resound, brother *Ridley*, still,  
And in my Spirit, I flye vnto yon place,  
But these weake withered saplins, are too blame,  
These legs of mine, that having now at least,  
Full fourescore and eight winters done me service,  
Should now deceaue me, trust me, but my soule is  
Lin& in charity, with all the world,  
I could be well content, to chide with them.

*Bon.* These are those selfe iustificyng Publicans,  
Away with them, conduct them to the fire.

*Gard.* Come, come, spend no time in talke,  
Will you convert, be sorie for your crime,  
And you shall yet finde favor with the Quene.

*Bon.* Fye, fye, spit at them, offer them no mercy.

*Ridley.*



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Ridley.* Proceed in scorne, so was our Master vs'd,  
The servants are not better then their Lord.

*Bonn.* Drag them away there, hence, away I say.

*Cranm.* Stay, stay.

*Cranmer within.*

*Bon.* What voyce is that.

*Gard.* Some one thats prisoner in Bocardo heere,

*Enter Cranmer.*

*Cranm.* Oh stay my Lords, whom leade you thêre to  
The reverent fathers, *Ridley*, and *Latimer*? (death?

*Bon.* I *Cranmer*, but more fauor rests for thee,  
Because thou art converted from thine errors.

*Cranm.* Did you not tell me, they were likewise changed,  
And haue you falsely circumvented me?

Oh heaven, forgive my trayterous revolte,  
And you the chosen vessels of his loue,  
Deere *Latimer*, sweete *Ridley* pardon me,  
To make amends. He come and dye with you.

*Lati.* As your revolt, graue *Cranmer*, was our griefe,  
So to heare these repentant gracefull words,  
Infuse our hearts with ioy, beyond compare.

*Bon.* Will *Cranmer* then turne, and returne againe.

*Cranm.* To turne to vertue never comes to late.

*Bon.* Thy recantation vnderneath thy hand,  
Is publisht, and wilt thou now contradict it.

*Cranm.* *Bonner*, to cut off needlesse circumstance,  
Let this declare my resolution,  
This hand that writ that faithlesse recantation,  
Since I am bard, from dying with my friends,  
Marke how I punish in this lingring flame,  
It shall burne off, as an assured signe,  
Heereafter of my constant Martyrdome,  
No scandall shall be left by my default,  
Open you heavens, and entertaine my willing sacrifice,  
Yet this is but an earnest of that loue,

Heereafter

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Heereafter shall in greater measure shine.

*Bon.* Taylor pull downe that scismatick,  
Lodge him within the dungeon, loade his ioynts  
With Iron fetters, let him fast from meate,  
And haue no comfort, but continuall checks, dispatch, I say.

*Craun.* Farewell religious mates,  
What earth doth separate, I hope ere long,  
Shall meet in heaven, spight of proud *Bonnors* tongue.

*Rid.* Farewell kind brother, nere decline no more,  
But follow vs, as we haue gone before.

*Lady.* What stay we for, my quiet thoughts desire,  
To cloth this flesh, in purple robes of fire.

*Bon.* You shall not neede to vrge our expedition,  
Leade them away, their Tragedy once ended,  
We will prepare attentiu eares to heare,  
Newes of the *Dutches* landing prisoner.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Dutches, and Bertie, with  
their Children.*

*Dutches.* Yet we haue scapt the danger of our foes,  
And I that whilom was exceeding weake,  
Through my hard travell in this infants birth,  
Am now growne strong vpon necessity,  
How forwards are we towards Windam Castle.

*Bert.* Iust halfe our way, but we haue lost our friends,  
Through the hot pursut: of our enemies.

*Dutch.* We are not vtterly devoyd of friends,  
Behold the young Lord *Wihowby* smiles on vs,  
And tis great helpe, to haue a Lord our Friend.

*Bert.* Good heaven I pray once sorte to happy end,  
This dangerous Pilgrimage, heere vndertooke,  
Sit on this banke a while, and rest our limbes,  
Wearied with travaile, as our minds with care.

*Sits downe.*

*Enter*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Enter Fox, Clunie, Captaine, and Soldiers.*

*Clu.* You are a Captaine of the Palsegraues band,  
These are the other recreants, ceaze them both,  
The hundred Crownes propos'd, are surely y'cuis,  
I know him valiant, and therefore I will clyme  
Vp in this tree, to see, and not be seene,  
Pray lends a hand, whil' st you surprise them,  
I will laughing stand. *Climbs up the tree.*

*Fox,* If I fit you not, ere you come downe,  
Say *Fox* is a Goose.

*2. Cap.* Sir I attach you as an enemy  
Vnto the Palsegraue, in whose land you are,  
You and your Trull, obey it ye were best,  
Or in resistance hazzard both your liues.

*Ber.* Attach me sir, I know no reason why,  
Nor to my knowledge am an enemy,  
Vnto the Palsgraue, or the meanest man  
Within his confines, we are Travellers,  
And will immedciatly forsake the land.

*2. Cap.* You are a Launce knight, this your Concubine,  
And these your Bastards, that by rapine liue,  
And thus disguis'd you come to vndermine,  
Our Countries government, then yeeld your selues.

*Dutch.* Though misery hath stamp't vpon our brow  
The marke of poverty, yet gentle stranger,  
Doe not so far forget all manlinesse,  
To be a slanderer of the Innocent.

*1. Cap.* Terme me a slanderer.

*Ber.* And a Villaine too, if thou maintayne these defa-  
Terme me a Thiefe, my wife a Concubine, (mations,  
My Children base borne; by a souldiers faith,  
Wert thou the greatest spirit the Palsegraue hath,  
I cannot brooke this slavish insolence,  
That I am angry, witnesse this reply,  
I will defend mine honour though I dye.

*Strikes him.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

2. *Cap.* Villaines I charge you all inviron him,  
*Dutch.* So many to one silly passenger, *They fight.*  
Then farewell woman weakenes, welcome sword,  
For once Ile play the man, to saue my Lord.

*She fights, beates them off.*

*Clu.* Why this is excellent, now I hope to liue  
To see them apprehended or else slayne.

*Fox.* These hopes Ile crosse, by cutting downe the branch  
Whereon he buildsthis weake foundation. *cuts the branch*

*Clu.* Oh I shall fall, helpe me good M. *Fox.*

*Fox.* I, wherefore *Clu.*, to betray my Lady?

So hatefull *Bonner*, dived into the well,

So fall this damned Parator to hell,

And now Ile helpe my Mistris to my power,

*Fox.* come out a your hole, and take your Cozens part

Or Ile pull you out by the eares.

*cry Within.*

Helpe, helpe, our Capitaines murdered, raise the towne.

*Fox.* The Capitaine slaine, then *Fox* tis best to flie,

And lest some sad mitchance shoud second them,

I will convey these Children to the Woods,

That borders neere at hand, oh heaven I pray,

*Exit With*

Make this disasterous time a happy day.

*children.*

*Cry Within.* Helpe, helpe, our Capraynes slayne.

*Clu.* I must downe, blesse my necke and care not.

*Cry Within.* Follow, follow, follow.

*Clu.* Oh, my guts, a vengeance on this *Fox.*

*Exit*

*Cry Within.* This way, this way follow.

*creeping.*

*Enter Berty, and Dutches.*

*Dut.* What cries are these, oh hast thou slaine the *Cap.*

*Bert.* If he be slaine, require not heaven his blood,  
Of miserable *Berty.*

*Within.* Helpe, helpe, helpe.

*Dut.* A second volley of heart wounding words,

Oh flye my loue, flye, flye, and saue thy life,

Before

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Before the towne be rais'd, shift for your selfe,  
If you be taken, theres no way but death.

*Within.* Heere, heere, this way.

*Dut.* Why stir you not, our foes are hard at hand.

*Bert.* I am so amaz'd I know not where to goe,  
Ile take this way.

*Dut.* Rath'r deere Loue take this.

*Bert.* That way they come.

*Dutch.* What shall we doe,

Behold a Ladder rais'd against this house,  
In happy time, mount vp and saue your life,  
I will defend the bottomie with my sword,  
And though heauen knowes I am orclaid with woe,  
Ile rather dye then see your overthrow.

*Bert.* But I shall leaue thee to thine enemies.

*Dutch.* Shift for your owne life, take no care for mine,  
For heavens sake quickly, you delay the time.

*Bert.* Feare lend me wings, but oh my griefs so great,  
It waies me downe, and I must needs retreat.

*Cry within.* Come away, come away, ho! come away.

*Dutch.* They are at hand, oh good my loue mount vp.

*Gets up the Ladder.*

*Enter Burgomaster with Souldiers.*

*Soul.* See where they are that made the fray.

*Burg.* You follow, that run vp the Ladder,  
Downe, downe, or Ile pull you downe in a ropes name.

*Dut.* He is my husband, and a Gentleman,  
And Ile defend him from your tyranie.

*Burg.* A Woman fight.

*Dut.* Such are my fortunes now,  
Therefore keepe off, who ventures on this way,  
Treadeth a path that leadeth to his death. (arm'd?)

*Bert.* My friends what seeke you, wherefore come you

*Bur.* You haue slaine a Captaine of the *Palsgraues* band,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Wounded his souldiers, and besides we heare,  
You are a Lanck knight this your Concubine,  
And come disguis'd to vndermine the State,  
In whose defence these men haue arm'd themselues.

*Bert.* You seeme a Burgo master, by your habit,  
And they that mis-inform'd you were too blame,  
Know gentle sir, I am an English man,  
And on some speciall busines bound this way,  
Toward Windan-Castle, till we were disturb'd,  
By the oppression of the man that's slayne.

*Burg.* I wraike not friend of what estate you are,  
Nor to what end you travaile through these parts,  
You haue slaine a man, and you must answer it,  
According to the law of Nations.

*Soul.* Downe with him, he shall answer it with death.

*Burg.* Peace there, I charge you, in the Princes name.

*Bert.* It seemes these men are thirsty for my blood,  
And without law are set to take my life,  
Then it were madness for a man to yeeld,  
To abide a triall, and the iudgement past:  
Since I must dye, Ile choote the death my selfe,  
And thats to stand on a defensue guard,  
Except you sweare as you'r a Christian,  
A Magistrate, and one that will doe right,  
That I shall haue due processe of the Law  
And be defended from the multitude.

*Dutch.* Doe not, I pray, indanger so your life,  
But trust vnto the shelter you haue got.

*Burg.* A lorry fortresse to defend his life.

*Bert.* But will you take that oath.

*Burg.* By heaven I doe, and I will see it kept inviolate.

*Bert.* Then worke the worst of fate, if right beare sway,  
He cannot speed a misse that does no wrong,  
Oh, innocence is bold, free, liberall,  
Fearelesse of any danger, that may fall,  
I yeeld me sir, a Prisoner to the law,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Iustice is blind, gaze not vpon our persons,  
Although our birth be neare so meane or base,  
But fixe the eye of indgement on our case.

*Bur.* So, bind their hands, & lead them to the statehouse,  
They shall haue iustice done immediately,

*Dutch.* Oh stay a while, I haue lost my little babes,  
What savadge hand hath tane my children hence,  
Whil'st we were busied in this lucklesse brawle.

*Bert.* My Children borne away! oh then I feare,  
It is some treason to abridge our liues,  
And that the Captaine, that did wrong vs thus,  
Did it to that intent.

*Dutch.* Tis so, till now we nere were truly miserabile,  
Our other mileries were sunnes shine dayes,  
Compur'd vnto the greatnesse of this storme,  
Oh suffer me good sir, to seeke them out,  
For without them, I am but halfe my selfe.

*Burg.* A stri& enquiry shall be made foorthwith,  
In every place that borders heere abouts,  
Greeue not too much, though such are poore mens treasure,  
What needy thiefe to steale them would take pleasure.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Burgomaster, Bertie, Dutches, followed  
by Souldiers: other side, Palsfegrane,  
Erbaigh, and Lords attendants.*

*Pals* Right welcome's *Erbaigh*, to the Poland king,  
*Nich'as Van-bone*, our worthy Burgomaster,  
What meanes this concourse of so many men,  
And what are they that you lead bound with you.

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Burg.* Strangers, an please your excellence my Lord,  
That haue committed murder in your realme,  
Slaine *Wisendrop* a Captaine of your band,  
For which offence, our purpose is to lead them,  
vnto the State-house to receiue their iudgement.

*Erba.* If I mistake not, I should know that face,  
Oh tis the vertuous Lady *Katherine*,  
This *M. Bertz*, her espoused husband,  
And has your good stars in your Pilgrimage,  
Brought you amongst you Friends?

*Pals.* The Lady *Katherine*, what the Suffolks *Dutches*,  
My quondam Loue haild through the streets with cords,  
And for the murder of a man that liues,  
Oh tis vncivill vsage, my good Lady,  
Yar villaines all vnto our Soveraigatic,  
How dare you thus abuse her royall birth.

*Burg.* Pardon my Lord, we did not know her state.

*Pals.* Her heavenly face, then which theres none more  
In England, or the World, (faire,  
Might without other witness of her state,  
Suffice to tell you, she was nobly borne,  
This is that *Dutches*, mirror of this age,  
Shee whom the lordly Bishops of the Realme,  
*Bonner*, and *Gardner*, persecute so much,  
Pardon me Madam, that I haue so long,  
Suffered your excellence to stay in bonds.

*Duto.* This your acknowledgement, most mighty king,  
Amazeth me, considering my distresse,  
For tis a common custome in the world,  
To take no notice of the miserable.

*Pals.* I stand amaz'd at this strange accident,  
The circumstance whereof wee heare elsewhere,  
Meane time thrice welcome to the Polands king,  
And much it grieues me that so great a Princes,  
Should be so basely handled in my land.



# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Enter Sands, and Cranwell.*

*Sand.* Oh helpe deere Lord, and shield vs from our foes,  
We are pursued by *Brunswicke*, and his Captaines,  
Who seeke our liues, we flie to your protection.

*Pals.* Whence are you friends.

*Dutch.* The truest friends we haue,  
Of England mighty Prince, I know them both,  
The first is Doctor *Sands*, a worthy man,  
The other *Cranwell*, and my Secretary.

*Enter Brunswicke, English Captaines,  
and Souldiers.*

*Brunf.* My Lord of *Erbaigh*, and the king of Poland,  
Shield not those traytors, both to heaven and men,  
From the due punishment of their offence,  
Behold an English man, & a Commander of a good esteeme,  
Has his commission signed to apprehend,  
This *Sands*, and *Cranwell*, fled to you for helpe,  
Then as you tender the priuledge of Princes,  
Ore their subiects.

Suffer this writ to haue his current heere,  
As I haue done through all my territories.

*Bert.* It ill becomes the noble duke of *Brunswicke*,  
To be a persecutor of good men.

*Dutch.* Or you good Captaine, agent in this cause.

*i. Cap.* Thats recreant *Berty*, and the *Suffolks Dutches*,  
They likewise are included in this scroule.

*Brunf.* My Lord of Poland, we demand them all,  
Then yeeld them royall sir, vnto our hands.

*Pals.* First will I sacrifice ten thousand liues,  
Ere suffer these religious soules to dye,  
My Lord of *Brunswicke*, you are over bould,  
To make so rash an entrance in my land,  
Without our speciall licence granted first.

*Brunf.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Brunf.* The league betwixt vs warrants my approach.

*Pals.* The League, for this time, is your priueledge,  
But as you dread the *Palsgranes* puissance  
And feare to violate our wrighten loue,  
Immediately vntred your forward steps,  
Forsake the soyle where you haue set your foote,  
Or looke to be withstood with fire and sword,  
These Lambes are fled into our foulds for ayd,  
And weele defend them, say what may be sayd.

*Brunf.* This ditobedience drawes vpon your land,  
Deserued malediction from the Church.

*Pals.* That weele dispeace withall, and to let you know,  
How we doe slight these stingleffe menaces,  
Heere I create this noble Gentleman,  
Earle of *Crczim*, an Earle done vnder vs,  
Religious Docter *Sands*, our Chapleine,  
And *M. Cranwell* our chiefe Secretary,  
So tell Lord *Bonner*, *Gardner*, and the rest.

Enter *Atkinson*.

*Atkin.* Health and long life vnto the King of Poland,  
Captaine, from Englands queene, I thus salute you,  
Heere is a countermand for your Commission,  
By which you are inioined to stay the search,  
After the *Suffolke Dutches* and her friends.

*I Cap.* To stay the search? is our dread Soueraigne,  
Altered in her Religion, or is she dead :

*Atkin.* Shee's dead good sir, Queene *Mary* is deceast,  
And the most vertuous Lady *Elizabeth*,  
Invested in the regall dignity,  
My Soueraigne hearing, that the Lady *Katherine*,  
The *Suffolke Dutches*, her allie in blood,  
Did liue obscurely in these Provinces,  
In want, in misery, and great distresse,  
Sends to repeale both her, and all her friends,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

If such a Lady harbor in your land,  
I doe intreate her highnesse Proclamation,  
May haue his currant course through every towne.

*Pals.* In you deere fir the Proclamation ends,  
Heere is the *Dutches*, here are all her friends.

*Dutch.* I kindly thanke you, for your worthy paines,  
Hath the director of all humane liues,  
Preserv'd my Soueraigne, that heroicke Maide,  
From the intangling snares of blood and death,  
And chang'd her prison, to a royall Throne?  
Heere on this ground, where first I heard the newes,  
I render thanks vnto the gracious heavens,  
Thou that send'st Balme of comfort to the wounded,  
Ioy to the brused heart, opprest for truth,  
Lengthen her dayes as long as heaven hath starres,  
Or this faire frame foundation for a world,  
Or if it be thy gracious prouidence,  
For to remooue her to a happier place,  
Let in her stead arise, and from her ashes come,  
A Phoenix may calighten Christendome,  
Oh, had I now my Children lately lost,  
I should suruiue as I had neere bin crost.

*Enter Fox, and Children.*

*Fox.* That comfort Madam on my bended knee,  
Your servant *Fox* humbly presents your grace.

*Dutch.* My *Peregrine*, my *Susan*, then for care  
To make a mixture with this too much Ioy,  
Or I shall surfet with the raretie.

*Enter Clunie.*

*Clu.* Iustice my Lord, Iustice, *Fox* hath broke my necke.

*Pals.* How comes it *Fox*, that he exclames on thee?

*Fox.* Marry and please your Maiestie, twas thus,  
This villanous rascall, followed to surprize my Lady,  
And being afraid to venter himselfe, set on one of the  
*Palsgraues* Captaines to doe it, whilst he climb'd

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

Vp into a tree and stood laughing, now sir, I cut the bow,  
And he fell downe, and if you haue not broake your necke,  
I would you had.

*Pals.* If this be true, he has bought his pleasure deere,  
Sirra begon, this justice I allow,  
For his derision then, deride him now.

*Clu.* All things goes backward for our good,  
Madam farewell, your punishment is past,  
Now set your mind to punish vs at last.

*Dutch.* Revenge shall be a stranger in my heart,  
The tortures Ile inflict vpon my foes,  
Is kindnesse, for vnkindnesse, grace for death,  
For what's prosperity but a puffe of breath,  
My Lord of Brunswick, pray let vs be friends.

*Brw.* Withail my heart, since every heart befriends you.

*Pals.* It joyes me that your sorrowes heere take end,  
Wilt please you Madam, heere to stay with vs  
Or goe for England, if you so resolute,  
Ile see you furnish't with a noble flecte.

*Dutch.* To England with full sailes, blow gentle wind,  
I long to see my Soueraigne noble mayd,  
Princes I humbly thanke you for these honors,  
Done to your handmaide, far vnworthie them,  
But time shall testifie my thankefulness,  
Be smoot through sea, that I may passe amaine,  
To doe my duty to my Soueraigne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bonner, with officers after him,  
two Men, ana a Woman*

1. Downe with him, giue vs leaue to be revenged on him.

2. For all the tyranny that he hath vs'd

*Bon.* What haue I done, you should revile me thus?

3. What hast thou done to deserue our hate?

*Bon.* Defend me Officers, shall I without Law,  
Be trod to death by the rude Multitude.

1 *Offic.* Keepe off my Masters,  
Tis her highnesse pleasure,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

He shall not be convicted but by Law.

3. And whether goes he.

1. *Offi.* To the Marshallsea.

*All.* We will not leaue him, till we see him in.

*Enter Keeper, Grindall, Cox, and Scory.*

*Offi.* This is the Prison, heere the Keeper comes,  
And with him Master *Grindall, Scory, Cox,*  
Such reverent men, as, *Bonner,* by your meanes,  
These many yeeres haue suffer'd much distresse.

*Keep.* But now they are deliver'd, and their place,  
*Bonner,* you must an other while supply,  
So saies the strict Commission I haue heere.

*Grind.* Trust me, I gory not to see his fall.

*Story.* Beleeue me, nor doe I.

*Cox.* Though we know, had not our Keeper bin more  
Then you were M. *Bonner,* we might here, (kind to vs.  
Haue starv'd for want of meat, but heaven forgue you,  
We doe with all our hearts.

*Scory.* And we will labour too, so much as in vs lies,  
Vnto the Councell, you may be favorably  
Dealt withall, so fare you well. *Exeunt.*

*Bon.* Farewell, this course inconstant fortune keeps,  
While wan one laughes, an other alwayes weeps. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Hunsdon, Admirall, and Clinton.*

1. Such measure as to others he hath met,  
The same let him receiue, good M. Keeper.

2. Remember Lollards-tower.

3. Let his best diet be but from the basket,  
Nay, bread and water, is too good for him,  
His fat Shroue-tuesday sides may well endure,  
A hungry Lent or two, and never hurt him.

*Offi.* Heere I deliver vp my charge.

*Keep.* And I receiue him,

Come M. *Bonner,* you must goe with me

*Bon.* Stay I haue bethought me, *Us recant.*

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Keep.* It cannot serue your turne.

3. Recant, he hath already twice or thrice done so.

3. Tut, he can turne with every weathercock,

Away with him.

*Keep.* Come sir, will you goe.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Lord Hunsedon, Admirall and Clinton,  
with stanes, Gentlemen attendants.*

*Admi.* Who wast that said the Dutches came through  
*Hunsf.* Twas the Lord Clinton. (Southwark.

*Clin.* I left her Grace now at S. Georges Church,  
Accompanied with M. Richard Berty,  
With Doctor Sands, Cranwell, and trustie Fox,  
And diuerse other Gentlemen attenda<sup>t</sup>s.

*Admi.* Here at the Martialsea weele stay her comming,  
And harke, her trumpets sounds her neere approach,  
Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, I pray you all  
By that deere loue you owe her maiestie,  
To be officious in the entertayne,  
Of this renowned Lady Katherine.

*Enter in state, the Dutches, Berty, Sands,  
Cranwell, and Fox.*

*Cry within.* Heavens preserve your grace,  
Your releefe to poore Prisoners.

*Dutch* What Prison call you this?

*Cran.* The kings-bench Madam, where all these prisoners,  
Are detayn<sup>d</sup> for debt.

*Dutch.* If they be able to make satisfaction, & will not,  
They are worthy to lye there,  
But if by cruelty of Creditors,  
Tis Christian charity to succour such.

*Sands.* I haue heard that some lie there in policy,  
And haue ingross into their greedy hands,  
The goods of diuers thrifty minded men,  
And though well able, yet they will not pay.

*Dutch.* Great pittie that such men escape unpunisht,

But

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

But are they in the number that doe beg.

*Sands.* No Madan, they are laid on beds of Downe,  
Fare daintely, and never tast of want,  
Except it be the want of Liberty,  
And that's no want, because they haue large walkes,  
As yards, and gardens, and faire bouling-allies,  
With company at will to spend the time.

*Dutch.* To them we wish a better Conscience,  
But to the poore, and such as want indeed,  
One of you giue amongst them 40. Angels,  
My troubles make me sensible of theirs:  
Distresse is sharply set, and bites too sore,  
To be indur'd by such as are true poore,  
So forwards Gentlemen.

*Fox.* Roome for the Lords.

*Admi.* Twiſe welcome is the noble Suffolks *Dutches*,  
To vs, and to her royall maiestie,  
In whose high favour, you are highly plac'd

*Clin.* In signe whereof her princely Maiestie,  
Restores you to your ancient Siegnories,  
Intitles you, as due to you by title,  
Barronneſſe of Wil lowby. and Earsbie,  
Dutches Dowager of Suffolke,  
Her highnesse neereſt and most deereſt ſubieſt.

*Hunſd.* Your goods, and lands extracted violently,  
Her Maiestie restores to you againe,  
Heere's the true inventory of them all,  
As they were ceis'd into the Bishops hands.

*Admi.* And that you may build on her Princely loue,  
It is her pleasure, M. *Richard Berty*,  
The husband of your troubles and your cares,  
Should be chiefe Secretary to the State,  
Till higher titles doe advance his worth

*Bert.* An honor my good Lord Admirall,  
That I esteeme, and yet desire it not,  
O be it not offensive to her Grace,  
That I haue leaue to leade a private life,

# The Dutches of Suffolke.

After my painefull travell in strange Lands.

*Adm.* Enioy your minds contentment with your mind.

*Hun.* You, Doct<sup>r</sup> *Sands*, her highnesse, and the Clergie,  
Doe consecrate Archbishop of Yorke.

*Sands.* An honor far exceeding my desert.

*Clint.* Master *Cranwell* Gentleman vs<sup>r</sup> her grace,  
Her highnesse will retayne in selfe same place,  
To attend her Maiestie. (i.e. & s)

*Cranw.* With all my heart, I humblie tender a true sub-  
Yet might it please her royall Maiestie,  
Since I haue ser<sup>v</sup>'d my Lady in distresse,  
Indur'd so many troubles for her sake  
That I may liue, and dye in serving her.

*Clint.* A vertuous inclination, hold it still,  
It will renoune thee more then to be great.

*Dutch.* My Lord of *Hunston*, *Clinton*, *Effingham*,  
I humbly thanke her Maiestie, and you,  
Oh may I liue to expresse a loving heart,  
By some good action pleasing to you all.

*Enter Prisoner with a Boxe.*

*Pri.* Madam be good vnto a company of poore Prisoners.

*Dutch.* What other Prison *Cranwell* call you this.

*Cranw.* This is the Prison of the Marshalsea,  
Chiefely pretended for her Highnesse household,  
But there are diuers other prisoners. *Enter Goseling.*

*Dutch.* Tis charity to helpe distressed men,  
Of what estate so ere, cause they be men,  
I leaue their faults relpe & vnto the Law,  
Giue them as much as the other Prisons,  
But what is he that with a downcast looke,  
Giues signes of discontentment.

*Gos.* Madam I am a Prisoner heere,  
But ioy to see your Grace at liberty.

*Dutch.* That face and voyce, I oft haue seene and heard,  
Did not you sometime make abode in Lee. (*Goseling.*)

*Gos.* Madam I did, and those that knew mee cald mee  
*Dutch.*



## The Dutches of Suffolke.

*Dutch.* Then I am sure, you knew one *Mistris White*,  
This is the man that helpt me to escape,  
When we were neere beset with *Bonnors* traynes.

*Cranw.* It is my kinsman Madam, now I know him,  
What cause hath brought thee to this hard distresse.

*Gof* The cause even now aleaged.

*Dutch.* Hath *Bonner* bin so cruell to my friend,  
Before mine eyelids weare the seale of sleepe,  
If heaven be pleas'd I will release thee *Gosling*.  
And pay thy charges to the vtmost farthing,  
Oh my deere friend, it never shall be said  
I was vngratefull, where I was befriended,  
And now his troubles make me call to mind,  
The faithfull dealing of my servant *Fox*,  
See Lords, a man whom I dismiss my service,  
More through selfe-will, then any iust offence,  
Yet hath he quitted that disgrace so well,  
That I admire the strangeness of his art,  
For *Bonner* vs'd him as a speciall meanes,  
To seeke my life, which oftentimes he sav'd,  
Paying my great vnkindnesse, with kind loue,  
Many such servants may this land afford,  
That vse their wits to such good purposes,  
Heere as a part of thy deserv'd reward,  
I freely giue thee a hundred pounds a yeere,  
And when I dye my land shall make it good.

*Fox.* And when *Fox* failes you, let him dye in a ditch.

*Dutch.* Gramercies gentle servant, now my Lords,  
Lets bend our pace towards famous London-Bridge,  
How pleasing is the prosp'ct of the City,  
Now I haue bin five yeares a stranger heere,  
Thorow the same to White-hall to her grace,  
That I may see my loving Soveraignes face.







6

